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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE"

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1848. N. S. FOLSOM, EDITOR

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MEMORY, MUSIC, HOPE.

[From Essays and Poems by Joseph Gostick, London.]

"Thank God for MEMORY! This is the green dell:
I hear the stream with musical ripples flowing;
The scent of flowers recall my childhood well;
I feel the sun of new-born summer glowing:
And, in my spirit's view, I see the stream,
And the bright fish that through the water gleam.

Thank God for MUSIC! for the pleasant voices
Of boughs and winds and waters as they meet;
For every bird that in the wood rejoices,
For every note in nature's concert sweet:
To me the lark's clear carolling on high
Reveals the whole wide, blue, bright summer sky.

Thank God for HOPE! that, after life's short night,
Cheer'd by fair dreams and memories, I shall rise
To fields with never-fading verdure bright,
Unfailing fountains, pure, unclouded skies,
And see the world, which will not pass away,
In the full sunshine of perpetual day!"

For the Register.

ORIGIN OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

In the Address delivered in Christ Church at the funeral of Joseph W. Ingraham, by his Pastor the Rev. Mr. Woart, minister of Christ Church, we noticed one error which should be corrected; it is that the Salem street Sunday School "was the *first* institution of the kind established in the United States." This School, says a note, was established in 1825. Now Sunday Schools were opened in the U. States as early as 1791 in Philadelphia; in 1797, at Pawtucket, R. I.; in 1809, at Pittsburg, Pa.; in 1810, at Beverly, Mass.; in 1812, in the New Parish, Rev. Dr. Lowell's, Boston; and in 1814, in the city of New York. The Christ Church School was the next in order. See Pray's History of Sunday Schools.

For the Register.

MRS. SUSAN H. WHITNEY.

In Harvard, on the 19th of September, Mrs. Susan H., wife of Captain Aaron Whitney, aged 63.

The decease of this excellent woman has cast a shadow over the spirits of a large and loving family, and an extensive circle of connections and friends.

She has left to her aged partner the sweet remembrance of a loving, faithful, christian wife, who has shared with him the joys and sorrows of thirty-two years: to her children that of an affectionate, watchful, pious mother, who was constantly exerting herself to promote their welfare and happiness; to her friends that of an active, generous, christian life. *They* knew her best who had most need of her care, her sympathy, and the influence of her cheerful faith.

She died, as she had lived, in the full faith of a happy immortality.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

STRAY LEAVES
FROM
MARGARET SMITH'S DIARY,
IN THE
COLONY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Leonard gives up the thought of fitting for the ministry.—Cousin Rebecca rallies him on his future intentions.—The Indian Simon again.—An Ordination.—Rev. Mr. Corbet's negro Sam.—The pert, talkative lad, Cotton Mather.—The eccentric Mr. Brock.—Deacon Rogers.

From the National Era.

November ye 28th, 1678.—Leonard hath left Mr. Ward, and given up the thought of fitting for the ministry. This will be a heavie blow to his friends in England. He tells me that Mr. Ward spake angrilie to him after I left, but that, when he came to part with him, the old man wept over him, and prayed that the Lord would enable him to see his error, and preserve him from the consequences thereof. I have discoursed my brother touching his future course of life and he tells me he shall start in a day or two to visit the Rhode Island, where he hath an acquaintance, one Mr. Easton, formerly of Newbury. His design is to purchase a small plantation there, and betake himself to farming, of the which he hath some little knowledge, believing that he can be as happy and doe as much good to his fellow-creatures in that employment as in any other.

Here Cousin Rebecca, who was by, looking up with that sweet archness which doth so well become her, queried with him whether he did think to live alone on his plantation like a hermit, or whether he had not his eye upon a certain fair-haired young women, as suitable to keep him companie. Whereat he seemed a little disturbed; but she bade him not think her against his prospect, for she had known for some weeks that he did favor the young Brewster woman, who, setting aside her enthusiastic notions of religion, was worthy of anie man's love; and turning to me, she begged of me to look at the matter as she did, and not set myself against the choice of my brother, which, in all respects save the one she had spoken of, she could approve with all her heart. Leonard goes back with us to-morrow to Newbury, soe I shall have chance of knowing how matters stand with him. The thought of his marrying a Quaker would have been exceedingly grievous to me a few months ago; but this Margaret Brewster hath greatlie won upon me by her beautie, gentleness, and her goodness of heart; and, besides, I know that she is much esteemed by the best sort of people in her neighborhood.

Doct. Thompson left this morning, but his friend Doctor Clark goes with us to Newbury: Rebecca found in her work-basket, after he had gone, some verses, which amused us not a little.

Dr. Clark, on hearing this read, told Rebecca she need not take its melancholie to heart, for he could assure her that there was noe danger of his friend's enacting on her account the sad part of the lover of Barbara Allen. As a medical man, he could safelie warrant him to be heartwhole; and the companie could bear him witness, that the poet himself seemed verie little like the despairing lover depicted in his verses.

The Indian Simon calling this forenoon, Rebecca and I went into the kitchen to see him. He looks fierce and cruel, but he thanked Madame Saltonstall for her gifts of food and clothing, and, giving her in return a little basket wrought of curiously stained stuff, he told her that if there were more like her, his heart would not be so bitter.

I ventured to ask him why he felt thus, whereupon he drew himself up, and sweeping about him with his arms, said: "This all Indian land. The Great Spirit made it for Indians. He made the great river for them, and birch trees to make their canoes of. All the fish in the ponds and all the pigeons and deers and squirrels he made for Indians. He made land for white men too; but they left it, and took Indian's land, because it was better. My father was a chief; he had plenty meat and corn in his wigwam. But Simon is a dogg. When they fight Eastern Indians, I try to live in peace, but they say: Simon, you rogue, you no good into woods to hunt; you keep at home. Soe when squaw like to starve, I shoot one of their hoggs, and then they whip me. Look!" And he lifted the blanket off of his shoulder, and showed the marks of the whip thereon.

"Well, well, Simon," said Mr. Saltonstall, "you do know that our people then were much frightened by what the Indians had done in other places, and they feared you would join them.—But it is all over now, and you have all the woods to yourself to range in; and if you would let alone strong drink, you would doe well."

Boston, January ye 16th, 1679—Have just got back from Reading, a small town ten or twelve miles out of Boston, whither I went in the companie of Uncle and Aunt Rawson, and manie others, to attend the ordination of Mr. Brock, in the place of the worthy Mr. Hough, latelie deceased. The weather being clear, and the travelling good, a great concourse of people got together. We stopped at the ordinary, which we found well nigh filled, but Uncle, by dint of scolding and coaxing, got a small room for Aunt and myself, with clean bedde, which was more than we had reason to hope for. The ministers, of whom there were manie and of note, (Mr. Mather and Mr. Wilson, of Boston, and Mr. Corbit, of Ipswich, being among them,) were alreadie together at the house of one of the Deacons. It was quite a sight the next morning to see the people coming in from the neighboring towns, and to note their odd dresses, which were indeed of all kinds, from silks and velvets to coarsest homespun woollens, dyed with hemlock, or oylnut bark, and fitted soe ill that, if they had all cast their clothes into a heap, and then each snatched up whatsoever coat or gown came to hand, they could not have suited worse. Yet they were all clean and tidy, and the young people especiallie did look exceeding happie, it being with them a famous holiday. The young men came with their sisters or their sweethearts riding behind them on pillions; and the ordinary and all the houses about were soon noisie enough, with merrie talking and laughter. The meeting house was filled long before the services did begin. There was a goodlie show of honorable people in the front seats, and among them that venerable magistrate, Simon Bradstreet, who acteth as deputy Governor since the death of Mr. Leverett, the Honorable Thomas Danforth, Mr. William Brown of Salem, and others of note, whose names I do not remember, all with their wives and families, bravely apparrelled. The Sermon was preached by Mr. Higginson, of Salem, the charge was given by Mr. Phillips, of Rowley, and the Right hand of Fellowship by Mr. Corbet, of Ipswich. When we got back to our inn, we found a great crowd of young roysterers in the yard, who had got Mr. Corbet's negro man, Sam, on the top of a barrel, with a bit of leather, cut in the shape of spectacles, astride of his nose, where he stood swinging his arms, and preaching after the manner of his master, mimicking his tone and manner very shrewdlie, to the great delight and merriment of the young rogues who did set him on. We stood in the door awhile to hear him, and, to say the truth, he did wonderfullie well, being a fellow of good parts and much humor. But, just as he was describing the Devil, and telling his grinning hearers that he was not like a black but a white man, old Mr. Corbet, who had come up behind him, gave him a smart blow with his cane, whereupon Sam cried:

"Dare he be now;" at which all fell to laughing.

"You rascal," said Mr. Corbet, "get down with you; I'll teach you to compare me to the Devil."

"Beg pardon, massa!" said Sam, getting down from his pulpit, and rubbing his shoulders; "How you think Sam know you! He see nothing; he only feel de lick."

"You shall feel it again," said his master, striking at him a great blow, which Sam dodged.

"Nay, brother Corbet," said Mr. Phillips, who was with him, "Sam's mistake was not so strange, after all; for if Satan can transform himself into an angel of light, why not into the likeness of such unworthy ministers as you and I!"

This put the old minister in good humor, and Sam escaped without farther punishment than a grave admonition to behave more reverently for the future. Mr. Phillips, seeing some of his young people in the crowd, did sharply rebuke them for their follie, at which they were not a little abashed.

The inn being greatlie crowded, and not a little noisie, we were not unwilling to accept the invitation of the provider of the Ordination dinner, to sit down with the honored guests thereat. I waited, with others of the younger class, until the ministers and elderly people had made an end of their meal. Among those who sat at the second table, was a pert, talkative lad, a son of Mr. Increase Mather, who, although but sixteen years of age, graduated at the Harvard College last year, and hath the reputation of good scholarship and livelie wit. He told some rare stories concerning Mr. Brock, the minister ordained, and of the marvellous efficacy of his prayers. He mentioned, among other things, that, when Mr. Brock lived on the Isles of Shoals, he persuaded the people there to agree to spend one day in a month besides the Sabbath in religious worship. Now, it soe chanced that there was on one occasion a long season of stormie, rough weather, unsuitable for fishing; and when the day came which had been set apart, it proved soe exceeding fair that his congregation did desire him to put off the meeting that they might fish. Mr. Brock tried in vaine to reason with them, and showe the dutie of seeking first the Kingdom of God, when all other things should be added thereto, but the major part determined to leave the meeting. Thereupon he cried out after them: "As for you who will neglect God's worship, go, *and catch fish if you can.*" There were thirty men who thus left, and only five remained behind, and to these he said: "I will pray the Lord for you, that you may catch fish till you are weary." And it soe fell out, that the thirty toiled all day and caught only four fishes, while the five who staid at meeting went out after the worship was over and caught five hundred; and ever afterwards the fishermen attended all the meetings of the minister's appointing. At another time, a poor man, who had made himself useful in carrying people to meeting in his boat, lost his boat in a storm, and came lamenting his loss to Mr. Brock.

"Go home, honest man;" said the minister; "I will mention your case to the Lord; you will have your boat again to-morrow."

And surelie enough, the very next day a vessel pulling up its anchor near where the boat sank, drew up the poor man's boat, safe and whole, after it.

We went back to Boston after dinner, but it was somewhat of a cold ride, especiallie after the night set in, a keen northerly wind blowing in great gusts, which did well nigh benumb us. A little way from Reading, we overtook an old couple in the road; the man had fallen off his horse, and his wife was trying to get him up again to no purpose; so young Mr. Richards, who was with us, helped him up to the saddle again, telling his wife to hold him on carefullie, as her old man had drank too much flip. Thereupon the good wife set upon him with a verie vile tongue, telling him that her old man was none other than Deacon Rogers, of Wenham, and as good and as pious a saint as there was out of Heaven; and it did ill become a young saucie rake and knave, to accuse him of drunkenness, and it would be no more than his deserts if the bears did eat him before he got to Boston. As it was quite clear that the woman herself had had a taste of the mug, we left them and rode on, she fairly scolding us out of hearing. When we got home, we found Cousin Rebecca, whom we did leave ill with a cold, much better in health, sitting up and awaiting us.

[The following, from the Oct. number of the New Englander, is one of the last productions pen of its editor, the late Rev. Edward Royall Tyler. It is a very valuable Article. It indicates a soul standing quite on the verge of the heavenly world, prepared to join the spirits of just men made perfect, and to be ever with the Lord.]

THE ETHICS OF RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

That the baneful effects of religious controversy far exceed the good effects, and that it deserves for this reason to be discountenanced by the friends of truth, is a very prevalent opinion. These evils are indisputably very great, and very much to be deplored. Controversy often results in the lasting alienation of Christians from each other, not only of the immediate disputants, but of all who take sides with them. The more remote effect upon the world is perhaps an evil of still greater magnitude. It is questionable whether there is any other objection to Christianity which has so much influence in strengthening unbelief, as the controversies of the church. The unfairness and bitterness of these conflicts bring Christianity itself into doubt, and the doctrines contended for, often the most essential parts of the system, into undeserved odium. Nor are the true ends of controversy very frequently attained as a compensation for these terrible evils of the conflict. The errorist, who, if he had been left to his own reflections and studies, or to the silent influence of time, might have come to the light, is hopelessly wedded by controversy to his own opinions, at least forever set against the faith of his opponent. Nor does the cause of truth always come out of these conflicts unharmed. After the smoke and dust of battle have passed away, we discover that the victory has not been won without a fearful sacrifice, and it is often quite doubtful whether, after all, the advantage is on the side of truth. Bad results are sufficiently apparent, but the good contended for, the refutation of error, and the establishment of truth in the convictions of men, is not so manifestly attained.

What shall we, then, say of the defenders of orthodoxy in the Christian church? Shall we deny their title to gratitude? Shall we say that the peace and purity of the church are not indebted to their labors? Shall we frown upon all controversy among Christians?

We might, perhaps, be driven to this extreme if we were forced to take the controversies of the church, as they have been for the most part conducted, as a type of what they are by necessity. The unchristian manner in which religious controversies have generally been carried on, has given them, by way of eminence, the name of *polemics*; as at the first the Apostle James denominated them, "wars and fightings." This they ought never to be; yet this they have been for the most part. The parties commonly accuse each other not only of error, but of dishonesty; and unhappily there is, in most cases, too much reason for these mutual criminations. Persuaded that he is the champion of the truth—set for the defence of the gospel—each conceives himself at liberty to use any weapon within his reach to defend his own positions, and to carry the war into the enemy's territory. He esteems nothing sacred that stands in the way of what he considers the vindication and triumph of "the faith once delivered to the saints." He is prepared to stab the reputation of his antagonist in any vulnerable point, if that will repair the force of his argument with the community, and to lacerate his feelings by unjust imputations and abusive language, in retaliation for similar insults, and even without such provocation. He does not scruple to supply what is wanting in the cogency of his argument by the pungency of his wit. He makes himself remembered as an enemy, rather than as a fair and honorable disputant. He exposes the purity of his faith to suspicion by his unchristian spirit, and hatred of him is naturally transferred to his creed. Some allowance, it is true, is to be made for mutual misapprehension. Occupying different positions, and viewing the subject from different points, having rushed to the encounter without proper consideration, it is not surprising that the parties should differ in stating the questions at issue between them. This would naturally happen were there no intention to misrepresent; and it is proved to be common by the complaints of unfairness called forth by every controversy. No one acknowledges himself fairly represented by his opponent—all complain of wrong—and to suppose they misapprehend each other, is the most charitable explanation of the wrong—otherwise we must either deny its existence, or refer it all to intentional misrepresentation. Allowance must also be made for the force of custom. Although the manner of the controvertist is very apt to be determined by his inward spirit; yet it may be influenced, also, by the custom of conducting controversies with asperity. This custom, long established, has become the law of controversy—the mold into which it naturally runs and shapes itself. The controvertist deems himself at liberty to employ any of the weapons which use has sanctioned. Hence the harshness of his manner is not an infallible index of a malignant spirit. He may have a kinder and purer heart than we should suspect from the style of his pen.

But whatever may be the exact amount of criminality chargeable upon theological disputants, the terrible injury inflicted by their conflicts upon the cause of Christ, can hardly be exaggerated. The members of Christ have been riven asunder, not by difference of opinion, not by free discussion of their differences, but by disputation conducted with acrimony and unfairness. Misrepresentations, arising, sometimes from misapprehension, sometimes, no doubt, from design, have been, from time to time, incorporated into the literature of the sects, until they have established what threatens to be a lasting prejudice. If Christians had from the first conducted their controversies with urbanity, and while they manifested an earnest desire to commend the truth to universal belief, had shown as conscientious a regard for the laws of controversy—exaggerating nothing, and setting down nothing in malice—expressing toward their opponents none but generous feelings, the whole effect would have been good—the evils, which have made controversy the dread of the church, would never have been known; "repentance to the acknowledging of the truth" would more frequently have crowned the contest; and the religion which had such advocates would more likely have been accepted, as worthy of its high claim to be divine.

Our readers will understand from these remarks, that we trace the evils complained of to the manner of controversy, not to controversy itself, which, properly conducted, we believe would be productive of good only. Controversy is that power which presides over the labors of the Essayist, of the Chair of Philosophy, and of the Pulpit; which subjects, indeed, all doubtful propositions to the crucible of reason which brings truth into the light of demonstration, and tears from error the veil of plausibility, which ignorance and sophistry have cast over it. It begins in criticism, by calling opinions in question, which, if erroneous, it exposes and refutes; but which, if true, it only serves to confirm, by affording an occasion for displaying the evidence before the world. Disputing opinions which would otherwise be received by many on authority, and provoking a rejoinder, it brings up a reinvestigation, and, in the end, strips error of its covering, and establishes the truth on a firmer basis.

There is one effect of controversy, in respect to which observing men are divided in opinion; some holding it to be a serious evil, and others regarding it with indulgence—we refer to the agitation of the public mind. *It will disturb the peace of the church*, is a sufficient reason in the opinion of some for suppressing discussion, by any lawful means, on questions which are likely to divide and excite the community. Others regarding a dead calm as a greater evil than the fiercest excitement, are pleased to accept a theological controversy with all the sad consequences of the hottest conflict, for the sake of the clearer sky, which is expected to succeed the storm. We confess ourselves in sympathy with the latter class, rather than the former. We have less dread of a mountain torrent than of a stagnant pool; the one may swell into a desolating flood, but the other may breed a pestilence still more destructive. We concede too much, however, when we compare religious controversy to a destructive flood. It is controversy, as it has been too generally conducted, not as it should be, to which this comparison is applicable. There is something, we confess, in the very nature of controversy, to awaken animosity; for opposition to one's cherished opinions can never be agreeable, even if it should be conducted with perfect amenity and good breeding. But there is for this very reason a greater necessity of shunning every thing needlessly offensive to the other party.

In the exposition which we propose to offer, of the laws of controversy, we disclaim the pretension of novelty. We profess to have made no discoveries, and to have no views, which might not readily occur, on reflection, to any mind. We believe, however, that Christians generally have no well defined and settled views of the law of Christ on this subject, or of the extent to which it is violated by controversial writers; and we should be glad to aid in forming a correct public sentiment in respect to it, which no man, who values his reputation, would dare disregard.

Before defining the rule of duty on this subject, we would notice the relations of the controvertist to the truth.

The parties to a controversy may both be in error on the general subject at issue. History furnishes abundant illustrations of this fact.—Those controversies in which the champions for the divine right of Presbytery contended against the equally exclusive claims of Episcopacy, belong to this category. Neither party stood on tenable ground. They were right in denying each other's claims, while neither could maintain his own. Many of the fiercest conflicts have been waged upon points which could on neither side be established, and which, in some cases, were too frivolous to merit the least contention. Those who have inflamed the worst passions in the church, by violent controversy on such insufficient grounds, have a fearful account to render at the last day. It is manifest that all such controversies ought to cease.

But though parties may possibly be contending for error, both cannot be on the side of truth. One party, at least, must be designedly or undesignedly expending his energies against the cause of his master. The controvertist is therefore engaged in a business of terrible responsibility, on which assuredly no conscientious man will enter without fervent prayer, and careful study, lest he should be found fighting against God.

Both parties—the advocate of truth and his opponent—stand in one and the same relation to the law of Christ, in respect to the spirit and the manner of controversy. They are both within the pale of nominal Christianity. They both profess, though sometimes with serious qualifications, to take the Bible as their standard. They at least profess to be Christians; and their object in controversy is to commend their particular views of Christianity to the belief of others.—Self-consistency, therefore, as well as other considerations, demand of them a sacred regard for the Christian law of controversy. The conviction that our opponent is a heretic, and an enemy of Christ, is no excuse for unchristian feelings toward him. Knowing what his views are—knowing, also, that they fail in his case to produce good fruit—we may have no confidence in his professions. Still this will not justify us in conducting the controversy with him in an unchristian spirit. It is rather in such a case the more necessary, for the honor of our own better faith, that we should avoid giving just cause of prejudice by any breach of the Christian law of controversy.

The law of Christ, in respect to controversy, may be learned from his own example, and from the precepts of his word. His example is a safe guide. He was often, during his ministry, in controversy with the most unreasonable men. But in no instance do we find him resort to sophistry in defence and advocacy of the truth.—He never seeks to silence an adversary by appeals to popular hatred. He never indulges in ridicule. He never misrepresents the opinions of others; never puts a false construction on their conduct; is never guilty of deceit. Though he could not be deterred by fear from uttering the truth, he could not even speak the truth for the pleasure of inflicting pain by it. He came into the world on an errand of love, not to the righteous, but to the wicked; not to friends, but to enemies; and their opposition to him, even to the shedding of his blood, never damped in the least the ardor of his charity. In this spirit only—the spirit of love—is it lawful for us to assume in the church the work of controversy. In this spirit of Christ we should imitate the example of Christ. We should hesitate to employ, in defence of his cause, any weapon which he, in his integrity or wisdom, refrained from using. So far as his example has force as a law to us, the path of duty is plain. But he has made it still plainer in his word. He tells us, by his Apostle, 2 Tim. 2; 24—26, that "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle to all men; apt to teach; patient; in meekness instructing them that oppose themselves, if God will peradventure give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth." What a different spectacle from this do most theological combatants present to the gaze of the world! One would judge from their pages, that meekness is the last grace to be exercised in controversy; and patience next to the last. Victory seems to be their sole aim, and any means, however dishonorable, of accomplishing so good an end, they appear to think quite pardonable. Were we to accept the account which they give of each other as correct, we must consider both parties destitute, not only of Christian principle, but of common honesty. We have known intentional misrepresentation abundantly charged, and, in some cases, proved upon men, who, in any office but that of defenders of the faith, would be esteemed worthy of all credit. Were we to suppress this fact, especially were we to deny it, lest it should reflect some dishonor upon religion, we should be guilty of the very crime which we condemn. The history of the Christian Church, if written as it has actually passed under the eye of Omniscience, would probably reveal moral obliquities in good men, that would overwhelm us with astonishment and shame; yet it should be added to the honor of Christianity, that she extends no countenance to this wickedness of her professors. It is the dishonor of human nature, not of religion, that even the renewing grace of God does not at once raise mankind to a state of immaculate purity. We know of no other way of accounting for the particular obliquity of which we speak, but to suppose there is still lurking in the Protestant church that most corrupt principle, that the end sanctifies the means. This we have been accustomed to regard as the peculiar corruption of the church of Rome; yet Protestantism are certainly sadly infected by it. Nor is it very difficult to account for the fact. Good men are easily drawn, by a desire to do good, into approbation of what seems to them the most efficient means. A measure of seeming utility, though unlawful, is seldom regarded with unmingled disapprobation. It was, we may charitably suppose, under this blinding influence, that good men in the early age of Christianity, fabricated epistles and memoirs in the names of apostles and saints, and published them to the world as genuine works. Their object was to check the spread of heresy; and to do so great a good by what appeared to them to be a harmless artifice, occasioned them, probably, no very painful compunctions.

The same perversion of the moral sense has left its mark upon most of the controversial writings of the church. We do not, it is true, seek to carry our points by the forgery of books, for this in our day is impracticable; but we have not discarded all artifice, all misrepresentation, all false issues, all dishonest argumentation.—Nor are we entirely above the use of ridicule, and even of vituperation, for the better accomplishment of our good work. What a severe reproof do these theological wars deserve! What a different manner of controversy is inculcated in the Scriptures! The passage just cited, it is true, can be applied only in the way of accomodation to the controversies of which we are treating. It has primary reference to the manner in which Timothy was to meet the opposition of unbelievers; but there is the same reason, and even a stronger reason why this conciliatory manner should be observed in the controversies of the church. The work to be done—the giving of instruction—is the same in both cases.—The end to be accomplished, so far as the opposer himself is concerned, is the same; but in religious controversy there is this further object to be gained, which indeed is the paramount object, the conviction of the community before which the discussion is brought.

That manner of controversy which is best fitted to effect a change in the views of our immediate antagonist, and secure a recantation of his errors, is the most likely to make a favorable impression on other minds. We are aware that the conversion of a controversial writer is not ordinarily to be expected; certainly not his public recantation. When this can be effected, it is the highest possible testimony to the force of truth; and it insures the completest success to the victorious party. And this achievement would not be so rare if the controversies of the church were conducted in the spirit of the apostolic injunction: "In meekness instructing." To instruct is to set the truth before the mind undiminished, unexaggerated, undistorted, uncolored; and to do this patiently, gently, in words that appease wrath, disarm prejudice and win regard, is to instruct with meekness. The manner of the controvertist, the Apostle insists, should be entirely respectful toward his opponents; not arrogant, not overbearing, not acrimonious, but calm, genile and courteous; free from every thing calculated to irritate, and rich in whatever is fitted to disarm prejudice and attract approbation. He should endeavor to make his argument strong, that it may be convincing; and conviction cannot fail to give pain wherever it is unwelcome. For this he is not responsible. It is the wanton wounding of his opponent's sensibilities by bad manners, or offending his sense of justice by misrepresentation, which the law of Christ forbids.

But this law has a deeper application. Like all other divine laws, it lays its hand on the heart; it requires the controvertist to answer in character to the outward conduct which is demanded of him. The evils of controversy spring for the most part out of the spirit of the controvertist. The radical fault is that he enters on his work, not as a Christian, with truly Christian affections, motives and purposes; not impelled by a simple love of truth, but by pride, envy, and malice; not overflowing with compassion for errorists, but burning with wrath against them. This is the common spirit of controversy, even if it is often begun and conducted in a better temper. The polemic leaves his Christian character behind him when he enters the lists; and it is with difficulty he finds it when he comes out of the conflict. He fights the whole battle in an implacable, unmerciful spirit; rejoicing in the wounds which he inflicts; and carrying more for his own reputation as a combatant, than for the cause of truth. Inflamed with such passions, it is not wonderful that he meets resistance. The wrath which burns in his own bosom, he excites in the breast of his antagonist. Restrained, it may be, by the laws of good breeding from vulgar abuse, he still betrays the bitter enmity of his heart; the repellency of which drives him and his antagonist farther asunder, and more hopelessly, with every blow that is struck. The parties may be unable to convict each other of intentional misrepresentation, but they can not mistake each other's spirit; and so lose their confidence in each other's Christian character. And with this spirit, the tendency to unfair argumentation and to incivilities of Protean shape, is generally too strong to be resisted. How contrary all this is to the law of Christ, is manifest from the words of the Apostle, as well as from the example of the Master himself. "The servant of the Lord," he tells us, "must not strive, but be gentle to all men, apt to teach, pstient; in meekness instructing." Gentleness, patience, and meekness, are qualities of a true Christian mind, never found conjoined at the same time, with pride, bitterness and wrath.

What the Bible thus teaches us is the law of controversy, requiring of the disputant the spirit of love that reigned in his divine Master, and a manner corresponding with it, may also be learned from its manifest adaptation to the end to be attained. The controvertist seeks to convince his opponent, or at least to refute his errors to the conviction of those who witness the debate. He considers himself to be on the side of truth, and he wishes to produce the same conviction in the minds of others. The prejudices of his antagonist he may possibly despair of overcoming; but he is especially anxious to carry the more important point of convincing the community. These objects can be gained only by appropriate means; by argument and ornament adapted to convince and conciliate. Calumny and misrepresentation tend rather to confirm the previous impressions of an opponent, than to convince him of his errors; and the effect upon others is no better. We begin at once to suspect the goodness of a cause which we discover to be defended by unfair and dishonorable arts. He is an enemy of the truth who attempts to promote it by bad manners; he is its worst enemy who would defend it by deceit. The best policy is to aim directly at the conviction of our readers, not at the confusion of our antagonist; and while we demonstrate the folly of his opinions, we should endeavor to conciliate the good will of himself and his friends; and to relieve them from the embarrassment of defeat by our courteous bearing. Generosity to a conquered enemy always inspires respect for the conqueror. We need not therefore fear that the cause of truth will be made to suffer by civility to the errorist. If we would disarm him and accomplish the easiest victory, we must spare him the mortification, and ourselves the degradation, of an insult. Our strength lies in the weight of our arguments—in the force of reason—not in our power of satire; not in the vivacity and keenness of our wit. To hold our adversary up to the public gaze in any false light, awakens in him and his supporters a sense of injustice; to make him smart under the lash of sarcasm, provokes a spirit of retaliation in him, and awakens sympathy for him in the community. Whoever resorts to such devices to gain the victory, is sure to suffer with a discerning public. Not only will he fail to gain a brother in the person of his antagonist, he will be likely, instead of refuting his errors to the satisfaction of all, to raise up a party to support him. It is a pity if he is set for the defence of the truth, for it will surely suffer in his hands. These words of the Apostle, "in meekness instructing them that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth"—are an inspired testimony to the pre-eminent adaptation of a generous and urbane manner to accomplish the true ends of controversy.

These ends are lost sight of by many controversial writers. They seem to regard their opponents, not as rational beings involved in error from which it is a virtue to recover them, but as criminals who deserve to be publicly immolated as a warning to other errorists. They wage a war of extermination against every dissentient from the received faith, pursuing him as an outlaw whom it would be a crime to spare; hoping, if they can not crush him into conformity, at least to intimidate others by the violence of their assault. They design to suppress error by intimidation; and in effect warn every one who has a new thought struggling for utterance, to bury it in his own bosom, on pain of being held up to public reprobation as a pestilent heretic. This attempt to stifle free inquiry, by establishing a reign of terror over the mind, effectually prevents many men of acute sensibilities from publishing views which might enlighten the world. Fair criticism they would welcome; but observation if not experience has taught them, that their views will not be met with a courteous and simply argumentative review; refuting what is erroneous, and confirming what is true; a review in the justice of which they must themselves acquiesce even if it should be unfavorable; but they have been taught to expect, that they must defend their opinions, if they dare utter them, not against misapprehension only, but against misrepresentation, obloquy and defamation; that they must suffer for the act of presuming to differ from the received opinions. They therefore prudently lock up their thoughts, to be published, if ever, after they have found the repose of the grave, leaving to posterity the benefit of what should have blessed their own age. This is to be regretted not solely because the truth is suppressed, but because error is thereby driven into concealment, where it can not be easily met and vanquished. Darkness is the natural element of error. It makes its way by stealth. It can not bear the light of discussion. Truth always triumphs in the open field. A man can hardly recover himself from errors which he cherishes in secret. He should be encouraged to declare them openly, that they may be refuted; not merely banished from his own mind, but from others, and deprived of all chance of spreading in the world. Whether, therefore, we regard the effect of intimidation on the lover of truth who has ideas of great value concealed in his breast, or on the errorist who clings the more hopelessly to his delusions, it is plain that a great wrong is done to the cause of truth by this manner of controversy; or rather, as we should say, by this suppression of free inquiry.

It would do us injustice if any should infer from our remarks, that we would sacrifice the truth to good manners; that we put the gentleman, in our esteem, above the faithful advocate of truth. We believe that it is better to offend than to be false; and that if offense is taken at the truth, not at the manner of presenting it, the fault is that of the offended party, not of the offender. We believe there is a way of asserting truth in the fullest, clearest, strongest terms; and of defending it against all perversion, without the least taint of bitterness, without unfairness, without offensive personalities, without incivility to the other party. The character of a gentleman need not be laid aside by the Christian controvertist, but must necessarily be maintained by him as a part of his panoply, if he would do his work well.

It would be equally a mistake if any should suppose that we disapprove of all severity. Nothing is more severe to errorists than the truth. There is a strong line of distinction between holding an opponent up to ridicule with malice prepense, and showing by the clear light of argument that his opinions are absurd and ridiculous. Our object should be to show the falsity of his opinions, not to expose him to contempt; and then if with the evidence of their falsity comes out their ridiculousness, it should be no gratification to us, that it is pain to him. With Paul, we should rejoice, not that he was made sorrowful, but, if it should be so, that he sorrowed to repentance. In one word, in going into controversy, we should carry with us the Christian spirit; giving ourselves to prayer, remembering how much the very nature of the work exposes us to irritation of temper; studying to understand the whole matter at issue; to divest ourselves of prejudice and party spirit; to impress our opponent and all observers with a conviction of our honesty, candor and love of truth; endeavoring prayerfully to maintain toward him a spirit of love, in spite of every provocation. No one whom we think to be unworthy of such consideration should be accepted by us as an antagonist.

THE DELIBERATE CONSCIOUSNESS OF TRUTH.

I hold a clear conviction of truth to be essential to a religious teacher; and I reprobate as well as dread the teaching of that which we have not thought upon calmly and seriously, or which, on being examined, has opened before us problems, perplexities, difficulties, rendering much reflection needful in order to our speaking with the deliberate consciousness of truth. The want of reverence for truth, manifest in the rash teaching of our times, shocks me greatly. I owe the little which I am to the conscientiousness with which I have listened to objections, springing up in my own mind, to what I have inclined and sometimes thirsted to believe, and I have attained through this to a serenity of faith that once seemed denied in the present state. [Dr. Channing.

J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE.

It has been said, on some authority, that the philosopher, like the poet, is born such:—and that there are minds which from the want of native capacity can never be brought to consider subjects in a philosophical spirit. A philosopher is one who so loves truth that he desires the utmost liberty for its manifestations. He is opposed to Sectarianism in every shape. Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, as our readers are well aware, shrinks from the exercise of philosophic freedom, and will in no wise consent to be wiser than Calvin or Luther. The latter is to him, indeed, a sort of idol. He will see no more than Luther saw, know no more than Luther knew:—and accordingly he belongs to Luther's age rather than to his own. He visits Germany, and is scandalized by the Rationalism which he there finds and the small regard in which the special dogmas of her religious reformer are held. He travelled night and day (such was his enthusiasm) to arrive at the castle of Wartburg in time for the jubilee in celebration of the memory of its former captive; but the young men assembled in honor of the occasion were engaged far less with "the faith of Luther than the reveries of demagogues." The tenets of the Lutheran church, he declares, are misunderstood by most of her ministers and doctors; and he felt, he says, that he, as a Calvinist, "was more of a Lutheran than the Lutherans themselves." Nor does D'Aubigne perceive in these words how he pronounces his own condemnation,—how he was thinking and acting according to the letter rather than to the spirit of his master's writings,—how he was opposing the very principle of reformation and progress by himself standing still or going back while the world is pressing onward. [Atheneum.

DIVERSITY OF CHARACTER IN THE HEAVENLY WORLD.

[From Dr. Channing's Memoir.]

It seems to be thought, that, because good men are to be perfect hereafter, they will all resemble each other; and hence that diversity of character, of taste and habits, which contributes so much to our happiness, is made to give place to a monotonous and unvaried excellence. But all God's works are marked by variety, and to this they owe much of their interest and beauty. Will all this variety be blotted out in heaven? The Scriptures teach us that it will be part of the happiness of heaven to meet there the good and excellent of former times—the patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles, and other benefactors of mankind. But this happiness would be wholly lost, were men in heaven to lose their peculiar chacters, were all to be cast into one mould, were all, in becoming holy, to become perfectly alike. No—heaven will not present this unvaried and dull uniformity. The strong lines of character which marked men on earth will distinguish them hereafter. Paul will retain his ardor, John his kindness, Isaiah his imagination. In heaven we shall witness every form of intellectual and moral excellence. Some will be distinguished by glow of feeling, some by profoundness of thought, some by activity and energy of will.

CHRISTIANITY AND NATURE—POTENT IN SECRECY, SIMPLE IN INTRICACY.

[From De Quincey in Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.]

Forces, which are illimitable in their compass of affect, are often, for the same reason, obscure and untraceable in the steps of their movement. Growth, for instance, animal or vegetable, what eye can arrest its eternal increments? The hour hand of a watch, who can detect the separate fluxions of its advance? Judging by the past, and the change which is registered between that and the present, we know that it must awake; judging by the immediate appearances, we should say that it was always asleep. Gravitation, again, that works without holiday for ever, and searches every corner of the universe, what intellect can follow it to its fountains! And yet, shyer than gravitation, less to be counted than the fluxions of sun-dials, stealthier than the growth of a forest, are the footsteps of Christianity amongst the political workings of man. Nothing, that the heart of man values, is so secret; nothing is so potent.

It is *because* Christianity works so secretly, that it works so potently; it is *because* Christianity burrows and hides itself, that it towers above the clouds; and hence partly it is that its working comes to be misapprehended, or even lost out of sight. It is dark to eyes touched with the films of human frailty; but it is "dark with excessive bright." Hence it has happened sometimes that minds of the highest order have entered into enm

Truman was also desirous that he should proceed. James Martin rose and urged him to be silent. At this stage of the proceedings much confusion prevailed, and several of the women were much affected. James Martin thought that in this disturbed state of the meeting it had better be closed, whereupon two elderly Friends shook hands, which is the usual signal for an adjournment, and after the customary parting ceremony, the members retired from the meeting house. [Philadelphia Ledger.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 4, 1848.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CONVENTION AT NEW BEDFORD.

(Report Completed.)

We proceed now to lay before our readers the remainder of the Report of addresses, which were suspended last week for want of room. The discussion, it will be remembered, was on the 3d Resolution, in respect to the need of a spirit of reverence and devotion to avert the peculiar peril of the times.

Hon SAMUEL HOAR, of Concord, next addressed the Convention, after Rev. Dr. Parkman. He commenced with alluding to the minuteness and power with which the gentleman from Brooklyn described the state of things in his own vicinity. But the same spirit exists, said Mr. H., all around us. What is the remedy? He knew none better to be offered than the old prescription—to propose to ourselves an object in life. What is that which we should value most? That is the question. And let the object be presented until we can be allured to its pursuit.

Mr. H. dwelt on the formation of character after the standard of inward spiritual excellence, and on the spirit with which every work must be imbued to give it any value, or to accomplish much good. He urged that religious education should be begun earlier than it is—that our sons and daughters should be taught not so much to strive to put themselves above others in appearance and in outward advantages, so much as to purify themselves. Let it be the great purpose of Christian parents to produce in their children a high character.

Rev. E. M. STONE of Providence doubted not the efficacy of the means recommended in the resolution; he would have the clergy circumspect in their example, and in speaking of Christian institutions as a means hallowed by time and the memories of the good. Let them also lead the people to feel that it is as fashionable to be at Church in the afternoon, as in the morning, nor give occasion for any complaint of poor food provided for the congregation on that part of the day. Mr. S. touched on the importance of early religious education, but he would have the young guarded against substituting Christian ordinances for true religion, and taught to view them as exponents of the religious life. There is, he said in conclusion, something for the clergy, and something for the laity to do; and each can do his own work better than that of the other.

Rev. Mr. BRIGGS, of Plymouth, remarked on the connexion of the resolutions. He had been asked by a friend to speak on some of the topics in the 2nd Resolution. But he felt that all the resolutions were interlinked, and the great question was to come into harmony with truth, doing good and prayer. He could see no way of coming to the truth except by carrying the truth into action. No mere reasoning about it could enable us to see it. We must enter into the sympathies of humanity, and be workers together with God, in order to know the doctrine pertaining to God and man. Mr. B. remarked on the power with which philanthropists speak. They do not take in all truth, but that part of the truth which they do take in, they urge with great power. Why! Because they live in the spirit of their object, and speak what they do know. Let the minister live as heartily in the ministry, and learn how each of the processes of truth, work, and prayer, helps the other; and why can he not speak with power!

Rev. Mr. FROST remarked on the advantage of looking at one thing at a time, and therefore was pleased with contemplating the object in each resolution by itself. In respect to the significancy of the resolution before us, the great obstacle in the way is not the love of sin, but the absorption of the mind in the pursuits of the world. Mr. F., considered the fault not peculiar to the rich; it existed also among the poor. It was the ambition to get riches. This it was that produced anxiety — the laconic speech — the hurried step—those marked traits in the American character. There was the influence, too, of fashion—leading one to set himself up a little above his ability to maintain his position. We should urge men to set the standard of living below their means, and to get rid of this prevailing anxiety. The speaker made mention of a morning walk in the city, and entering a garden where grew the choicest fruits, and rarest plants and flowers, and where the hand of horticulture had carried everything to the highest perfection of beauty; and he was told that this garden was thrown open to the public. This was a noble use of wealth. Where it was accumulated in such a spirit, it answered its great end. O that the wealth of mind—the privileges of our rich Churches—could be thus thrown open, could be free for the poor as well as for the rich!

Rev. Mr. BELLOWS added a word on the indispensableness of the ministry, and the special work it had to perform, and the devotedness it should manifest, even to the sacrifice of one's life.

Rev. Mr. NICHOLSON, of Illinois, said that he had come 1500 miles to attend the Convention, and its action would be known and felt in the place where he labored. When the Protest against the Mexican War, issued by Unitarians, was read in an Orthodox church in his region, it was remarked that the infidels of Boston—viz., the Unitarians—were going ahead of evangelical Christians. Yes, said he, that is the appellation—infidels—given you at the West. Mr. N. remarked that he himself had been trained thus to regard the Unitarian body—to consider them as fashionable formalists, and their religion at best a whitewashed infidelity—infidelity in disguise. But he had been happy in this season of communion, and felt that there existed in this body a life of love. If the spirit here manifested was infidelity in disguise, he wanted to have more of it. He had been educated a Presbyterian, but, said he, you sent out your Channing and your Ware, and you have taken us by storm. He hoped to have an opportunity to say something about the wants of the West.

Rev. Mr. PIERPONT rising, said that he had in his hand a letter from a gentleman—a native of England—once an orthodox missionary in India, who, seeking to convert Rammohun Ray from Unitarianism, was converted by him—the conversion running the other way. Having remarked that this minister was the Rev. Mr. Adam, now in Chicago, Ill., and the pastor of the Unitarian church in that place, and having paid him a deserved tribute in passing, Mr. Pierpont said that his letter contained an introduction of the brother who had just spoken, recommending him to our aid in the work of building a church out West. I hope, said Mr. P., he will receive aid; I think it is needed.

Mr. P. introduced some very interesting reminiscenses of a journey to the West, 20 years ago. He was passing a season at Cincinnati, and being desirous to see the Father of waters, he stept on board a boat bound to St. Louis. On his way to Louisville, he was touched by a young man on board, a son of one of his parishioners, who begged him to stop at that place on his return, and preach. Arriving at St. Louis, he preached the first Unitarian sermon ever heard in Missouri. Ask Judge Elliot, whose brother is pastor of the church there, whether the seed then sown in weakness, has not been raised in power! Coming back to Louisville, there was no other place to preach in but his friend's school house. In Kentucky also Mr. P. preached the first Unitarian sermon; and it fell, as we know, into good soil. It seems to me that we ought to preach the gospel more widely through the West. But whom shall we send into the places there opening? Where are our young men! If no young men offer to go, then, said Mr. P., in a tone of the deepest earnestness and seriousness, send me! I will go! Mr. P. concluded with stating that a subscription paper was on the table, designed to aid the object of the brother from Illinois.

Rev. Mr. HOLLAND gave interesting statistical proof of our denominational growth, and of places ready to receive a ministry of our faith.

Several gentlemen spoke of letters of commendation received from brethren at the West, in behalf of Elder Nicholson's object.

The Third Resolution was then adopted.

The Fourth Resolution, as follows, was then adopted without debate:

Resolved, That the worship of the Sanctuary, the ordinances of Christianity, the religion of the closet and the household, are to be employed and urged more than ever as the paramount means by which to promote the spirit of devotion.

The Fifth Resolution was then presented:

Resolved, That in the death of Kay of Northumberland, Ripley of Waltham, Whitman of Lexington, and Peabody of Burlington, while we cheerfully acknowledge the dispensations of a wise and benignant Providence, we mourn the loss of able and devoted fellow-laborers.

Rev. Mr. WATERSTON, of Boston, first spoke to this resolution, and remarked that we all felt there was no more sacred moment at these Conventions, than when we paused in our delightful communion with those present, to dwell on the hallowed memories of our brethren who had deceased. Channing and Greenwood and Ware, had been taken from us; now these. And where were men more humble, more devoted! Last year a brother spoke most touchingly on the departure of Peabody of Springfield. Now his brother, of Burlington,—twin by birth and spirit, like in appearance as well as in soul.—had followed him into the world of spirits. Mr. W. dwelt on his eminent literary and moral worth, his spiritual aims even in his secular and literary pursuits, before he entered the ministry, his devotedness as a Christian preacher and pastor, his benevolence and disinterestedness, in which the annals of no other denomination show his superior—no, not even in an Oberlin or Neff. The tribute paid his memory at his grave by Christians of every name, was his witness on earth, and he hath a brighter witness on high. How should we strive to possess and carry out his spirit!

Another, too, has passed away; an earnest one; always ready to engage in every good work—Whitman of Lexington. Mr. W touched on his exceeding fidelity, his conscientiousness, his wisdom, his untiring zeal. And when after death his physical troubles were revealed, were we not astonished at the amount of his labors? In conclusion, Mr. W. expressed his hope that we might combine in our own lives the beauty of the examples of these departed brethren, so that when we shall follow them, our memories shall quicken those whom we leave behind.

Rev. Mr. PIERPONT wished to allude to a fact in relation to Whitman. Just before the dedication of his church in Lexington, which he did did not live to behold, he wrote me, said Mr. P., a letter, breathing out the strong and benevolent desires of his heart, which made his letter a very full one—and requested me to write a Dedication Hymn, in which his Church should be declared a pillar of Christian Liberty.

Mr. P. passed from Whitman to Peabody—whose funeral he was called by telegraphic despatch to attend. As the speaker called up the circumstances of that occasion, with which the readers of the *Regis.er* are already familiar; as he described the concourse at church and around the grave of the pastor of Burlington, and exhibited that concourse opening to admit a procession of the *children* of the different Sunday Schools of the place, who, as each one passed along by the side of the grave, cast down upon it a bouquet of flowers in silence; as the speaker thus described the scene, there was an emotion manifested in Convention answering to his own deeply moved affections.

Rev. Mr. WEISS said that the names of Ripley and Whitman, with the presence of his brethren from Middlesex, awakened reminiscences which impelled him to speak to the Resolution then before Convention. He could never forget that it was the hand of Ripley at Watertown, laid on his head at his ordination, endeavoring to secure to him the needed gifts; that it was his voice, lifted up in his simplicity and in the fervor of his nature, which opened to him the portals of the Christian ministry. In the ministerial associations of the brethren in that vicinity, he was the moderator—yes, always the moderator. Passing from Ripley, Mr. W. paid a tribute to the sagacity, perspicacity, and energy of Whitman, whom he characterized as an anatomist not so much of truth as of Christian character. We, said Mr. Weiss, could sit and theorize; *he* was an experimentalist in religion. We shall never forget some of his proverbs; his axioms we repeat in our sermons. His was the ore of wisdom dug out of the mines of life by the shaft he sunk with his own hand. Associated with the names of Ripley and Whitman, Mr. Weiss alluded to the bloody traditions of Concord and Lexington, which we might make use of for the great and more serious spiritual battle of life, while we invested the old with new ideas; and he concluded with mention of that honored one, who had lived and died, who had in his own unapproachable way fought out the great battle of life; one with whom, said Mr. W., you, Mr. President, were associated, and whose last words you received—"This is the end of earth, I am content." When you return to that place where he breathed his last, added Mr. W., may you find there men wearing his mantle, and expressing his spirit.

[Another name was mentioned in the Resolution, Rev. James Kay of Northumberland, Pa., who was not specially noticed in the addresses, but who is worthily commemorated in the following notice which we have since received from one qualified to speak of him.]

Rev. JAMES KAY. Of this almost unknown laborer in the vineyard, a few thoughts are prompted by the last resolution of the New Bedford Convention. His disposition was so retiring and his post of duty so distant, but few of us were ever permitted to see him, and those who did can never forget. In his silvered age his smile was inexpressibly sweet, his face a truly Apostolic benediction, his voice musical with affection, his character a blending of Tuckerman and Priestly, his counsels alike fatherly and sympathizing.

He came to America that his children might breathe a freer air, and enjoy more liberal institutions. He planted himself at Northumberland, because the grave of the admired Priestly was there and the congregation whom this saintly exile gathered. But his over-worked constitution was no match for the intermittent fever which brooded over that bewitching scenery: and many of his days were enfeebled by disease, and his flock often deprived of the food he thirsted to give by wearing and wearying indisposition. And yet his regret was never selfish; it was for them, not for himself: it was for the missionary field he must leave shepherdless, the inviting season of Christian toil which must go by unused. He was as steadfast in his own opinions as he was gentle to those of others; sturdy in those views which had been adopted by long struggle and maintained with costly sacrifice, an earnest philanthropist, a kind friend, he was a trusting child in the hands of Almighty Providence and a faithful inquirer into the revelation of his Son. Though taken suddenly he was not taken unawares: but nothing was ever more beautiful than his fading away with the leaves as a withered leaf.

H.

EXTRACTS FROM A DISCOURSE PREACHED IN THIS CITY, SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 29.

[We have had access to a sermon occasioned by the 'Celebration' last week, and preached at the Indiana St. Church. We adopt it in place of an intended editorial on the occasion. The text was from PROV. XVI, 20. 'He that handleth a matter wisely shall find good.' Having alluded to the importance of self-examination after a season of intense excitement and recreation, and the wisdom of forgetting at once any little collisions of feeling or causes of offence growing out of the haste and confusion, which were unavoidable, the discourse proceeds as follows:—]

"But, leaving this topic—and all topics that only remind us of human weakness—let us turn to more encouraging and hopeful thoughts.—Handle the matter of our crowded city, during the past week, wisely, and you will find this good, viz: that the masses, when rightly treated, can be trusted with the care of themselves. For one so inclined, it were an easy task on the day and night, when dense crowds filled our streets, to discover many signs of wickedness and depravity. Sin came and mingled with the multitude; and its hideous visage was not concealed from those who had the bad taste to seek it out. But the impression must have been made on every generous mind that the degree of order, the amount of good nature, the disposition every where apparent to please and be pleased, was most striking and remarkable. Whether in the procession or out of it, men seemed moved by a spontaneous and common impulse, to show that great freedom is perfectly consistent with great harmony. The presence of a police by day or by night, was hardly needed at all. Men, women and children, were safe and happy, without the restraint of hireling soldiery; and with every opportunity, there for the time scarcely existed the slightest inclination for disturbance. I am speaking now of a fact, that would be almost miraculous if it were not so familiar. Since we have no contrasts, (and let us thank Heaven for that,) by which to measure it, we have no idea how elevated, comparatively speaking, is the population of New England. To one accustomed to the squalid poverty, the debased ignorance and brutal vice which characterize the downtrodden and oppressed masses in the old world, the scenes visible in our streets a few days since, must have appeared almost like a dream. Hundreds of thousands of well dressed people poured through our broad avenues, without any other restraining force than their own sense of propriety, looking at the Municipal officers chiefly as so many persons appointed to indicate the arrangements which had been made to secure the comfort and enjoyment of the thronging multitudes. In not another city of like size, probably on the face of the globe, could such a display have been made, with so few breaches of the peace. We are apt to be very conscious, and to boast of this indubitable fact. As a community, we have quite enough of self-esteem. And I do not now refer to the remarkable order of last week, to encourage any feelings of vanity. I do it, on the contrary, that we may be reminded of truths which I am afraid are in some danger of being overlooked in the rapid increase of our wealth and population. I do it that we may take care lest in the eager pursuit of material riches, we neglect to augment and keep in vigorous action the conservative forces, which make the orderly character of our great gatherings so observable. With this view then, let us just inquire what where the causes of the peace and regularity I have described.—One cause obviously was the comparative intelligence and virtue of the masses. Under free institutions, the people learn to respect themselves, and in doing that they learn to take care of themselves. In other lands, for centuries, the experiment has been tried, with all the machinery of standing armies, of allowing the few to be the masters of the many; but as the many begin to find out that they are men, even as their self-constituted guardians are men, the experiment fails—and its failure is the occasion of revolution, distress and strife. Here on the other hand, the whole theory, and, to a large extent, the practice is entirely different. Here the masses rule, and because the masses rule, they are educated. Here government emanates from the people and on that account, legislates and acts for the people—is, in fact, the people looking after their own interest. If you demand why there was no disposition last week, worth narrating, to indulge in riot or plunder? you can easily answer the question by asking another, viz: Who would have gained anything by disturbing the peace; whose lot was so separate and distinct from that of his fellows, that he would have been benefited by their ruin? Make men intelligent, treat them as *men* should be treated, regard them as Christianity teaches you to regard them—and one of the first doctrines they begin to learn is the doctrine of human brotherhood, the doctrine of fraternity and equality, and as they learn this, they learn also that strength, plenty and enjoyment, are the products not of strife, but of co-operation. Each man walked in that immense procession or stood a member of the vast crowd, as a man on the same level with those who walked or stood at his side, and therefore he felt no disposition to demean himself—saw no occasion for entering into conflict with anybody. The celebration and the city were his own, and why therefore should he disturb either. No sane man ever sets his own house on fire. No decently intelligent man ever imagines that by destroying or injuring his fellow man, he can elevate himself. An ignorant mob may try to pull down an indolent, selfish useless aristocracy. A half-starved populace may strive to overturn the throne of a tyrant. But a carpenter will not quarrel with a blacksmith; a farmer will not seek to crush a merchant; no workman on the social fabric which is to be the home and treasure-house of all, will care to banish any brother-workman. Here, in a few words, is a hint at least, to tell the whole secret, and telling the secret, we disclose a great practical truth for every day use. It seems to me that pride or selfishness must have made any one stone-blind, who could not see in the marvellous order of this city, that it is the doctrine of wise policy as well as the doctrine of Christ's Gospel, that our social economy should provide for the instruction, the comfort, the enjoyment of every member of the community; and that the good of each is permanently secured, only as the good of all is sedulously provided for. The moment this is forgotten, that moment ruin begins to approach. Let the pursuit of wealth lead to a neglect to provide amply and generously for the intellectual and moral culture of the masses, and you will build rail roads, make land, open streets, increase the facilities of inter-communication, only to make it all the more easy for the retribution which always follows a lie, to enter and lay waste your fairest and most exuberant material prosperity.

Besides the intelligence of the masses, there was another cause which contributed to keep peace in the thronged streets, which deserves notice, as pointing to a principle which may and ought to be acted upon in our own bosoms—our own homes and in all our intercourse with our fellow men. Bad passions and low propensities, those I mean which cause strife and sin by their exaggerated and lawless indulgence—were not active to any extent worth naming among the vast crowds connected with or gazing upon the pageant of last week. And why were they *not* active? How many of those gathered thousands, think you, prepared themselves for a day of good behaviour by saying—"Well, for twenty-four hours, lust and intemperance and selfishness and anger and falsehood, shall be silenced and kept in subjection; and only pure and generous, and kindly affections shall have the rule!" Probably not a single individual.—How then did it happen that low appetites were banished, and right feelings made to predominate? Simply because appeals were made to the more refined tastes and the better sentiments of human nature; these were addressed and called into action. Rational pleasures were provided. In a comparatively innocent manner, the love of excitement was ministered to; in one word *evil* was overcome; *not* by combatting it directly, but by the developement of good. The senses, the thoughts, the desires of men, were pre-occupied, and had no time, no inclination—so to speak—to listen to the suggestions of bare vice; and so unconsciously they were, for the moment, delivered from sin, by the activity of the higher sentiments. Now if I make myself understood, I think you cannot fail to see, that wisely handling this last week's partial experience of the practical working of a great truth, we shall find an unspeakable good; even a confirmation of what I believe to be the doctrine of Christ, viz: that it is by the encouragement and developement of our better nature, rather than by dwelling upon or contending directly against wickedness; that mankind are to be brought to love virtue, and to serve God. Minister to man's capacity for good, rather than talk always mournfully about man's proneness to iniquity. Address attractive appeals—use the language of hope—describe the excellence of wisdom and virtue—more frequently and earnestly, than you deal out threats; employ the words of terror or depict the degradation of ignorance and vice, if you would lift man out of the slough of sin, and clothe their souls with radiant loveliness. For even as yonder fountain when it played, became purer and clearer, the more its waters were lifted towards the serene heavens—even so the human soul gets rid of earthly stains and pollutions, as it is taught to rise towards God. This is the sound philosophy and the true religion; and I know not why in the face of all experience, men are so slow to receive it. We cling to the notion, that by stripes men must be driven into the kingdom of heaven; we deny that goodness can be made attractive; we insist upon extinguishing evil, before we introduce good into the soul.—And yet I believe the error of this proceedure will appear, if we only examine ourselves. For when are we most virtuous and happy? Is it not when in answer to animating and encouaaging exhortation, or under the influence of generous smypathies, our best sentiments, finest affections, loftiest aspirations, and holiest desires are called into action; is it not when darkness is driven out by the introduction of light? And why should it not be thus with all men? It *is* thus with all men, and so we shall find it to be according as we have faith to make the experiment. Just as a few days since, thousands upon thousands, forgot for a few hours at least, sins and sorrows; forgot strifes and animosities; forgot vicious indulgences; as there was offered to them something novel and beautiful to attract their senses, occupy their time and absorb their attention. Just so is *evil* to be overcome, by unveiling the loveliness of good; just so, is whatever is bare and sordid, mean and devilish, to be kept under and driven away, by unfolding all that is lofty and spiritual: all that is generous and angelic in the soul of man.

Insensibly led away by interest in the topics, thus far dwelt upon, I have left myself no time to speak of the particular event which suggested this discourse, or to say a word upon the moral consequences, which will probably follow the introduction of pure water into the city. But these are so obvious, and will soon make themselves so apparent to every eye, that I may safely leave them unnoticed for the present.—There is one more thought however, I wish to express before I close: it came to me, as that long procession with all its decorations and variety passed before my eyes. What, I asked myself—and now I ask you—what is the probable average number of years during which those who witnessed the leaping up of the waters on yonder Common, will enjoy this blessing which science and skill have made to run an invisible missionary of good to thousands, underneath the very pavements of the streets. Plainly the time during which all who welcomed the advent of the crystal stream, can drink of its abundance, is but a very short time at best. Why then this costly work and this exultant joy. What matters it, what we eat or what we drink, since to-morrow we die! Need we do more than ask this guest, to prove beyond all cavil, that it is of little use to slake the thirst of the body, unless thereby we are prepared and led to slake the thirst of the soul Need we do more than ask this guest to prove, that as generation follows generation in the march of the race from the cradle, across the earth and through the grave to eternity, even as company succeeded company in the recent parade, it is only, as thereby it serves to develope, enlarge, edify and exalt the nature of man, that all the fitting up and furnishing of the city is of any lasting worth. We talk ever of getting gain, pleasure, luxury; our thought and conversation is greatly of trade and commerce, as if this were the *end* of all the doing, scheming and adorning. If this were the end, it were better now, that the water flowing under our feet should burst forth at every corner, and drown out from the face of the earth, this fair metropolis; for is it not written, man shall not live by bread alone; is it not asked what shall it profit man if he gain the whole world in exchange for his soul. Be not deceived then by appearances; be not cheated by the fascinations addressed to the senses; go below the surface of things, and learn to be hopefully wise and cheerfully religious; learn to rejoice innocently and work uprightly, by consulting for the well-being of the mind that never dies. Remember the grandest display ceases to you, the brightest illumination goes out to you, the scenes of revelry and rejoicing come to an end to you; but principles, thoughts, feelings, habits of the soul, these are to endure forever. Remember this, and then you will at once understand, that as an unseen mighty force at a distance, is sending through thousands of tubes, the pure water with messages of cleanliness, refreshment and health, to our many homes; so deep down in every bosom, should be a divine power of religion, a faith in God, virtue, immortality, governing the whole varied life of man, and preparing him by right growth here, for endless advancement hereafter."

For the Register.

ORDINATION.

Mr Liberty Billings, late of the Meadville Theological School, was ordained at Peterborough N. H. on Wednesday Oct 25th.

The order of Services on the occasion was as follows: Anthem. Introductory Prayer and reading of the Scriptures by Rev Mr Whitwell. Anthem. Sermon, by Rev Dr Peabody, of Boston, the text in John 17. 17. Hymn, Ordaining Prayer by Rev Mr Leonard of Dublin. Charge and Right Hand by Rev. Mr. Morison of Milton Mass. Address to the People by Rev Mr Whitwell of Wilton. Concluding Prayer by Rev. Mr. Clarke of Jaffrey. Anthem. Benediction by the Pastor.

It was expected that the introductory services would be conducted by the Rev. Mr. Brown of Fitzwilliam, that the Rev. Mr. Livermore, of Keene, would give the Fellowship of the churches, and that the Rev. Mr. Bulfinch would make the concluding prayer; and it was regretted that these gentlemen were necessarily absent.

The Singing by the choir evinced attention to this important part of public worship; and all the Services were listened to with interest by a large assembly. Not the least interesting incident of the occasion was the presence of the former Pastor, the venerable Dr. Abbot, whose labors for the old and the young will be remembered by coming generations.

The Society has shown a commendable zeal for the promotion of public worship by painting the church and furnishing it with lamps and a new Bible.

It is earnestly hoped that the union now formed between this people and their Pastor will continue harmonious as it has begun, and be instrumental in perpetuating and diffusing the Spirit of Christ.

There were religious Services in the evening, when Rev. Mr. Morison preached from Ephesians 4. 13. Rev. Dr. Peabody offered prayers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Euthanasy; or Happy Talk towards the End of Life. By William Mountford, Author of "Martyria," "Christianity the Deliverance of the Soul and its Life," &c. &c. Boston: Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848. 12 mo. pp. 466.

Mr. Mountford has a mind of rich native qualities, happily constituted, enlarged and improved by culture, purified and elevated by Christianity, and, we think, refined by the processes of affliction as gold is tried in the fire—for no man has ever had access to the treasures of consolatory thought which he has presented, unless there has first been placed in his hand the key of trial. His work before us is written manifestly from the fulness of his mind and experience, and indicates great copiousness of thought still remaining. It has great spirituality, tenderness, freedom, dignity, elevation, breadth, profoundness of thought. The very aroma of devout feeling breathes from its pages. Not the land of Beulah so beautifully described by Bunyan is more delightful. We feel as did Payson when he said, "its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ear, and its spirit is breathed into my heart." He who shall read it will rise from its perusal wiser and more exhilarated than from any of the dialogues of Plato, in the form and in much of the best spirit of which this is written. Into the soul of the author of Euthanasy, indeed, have entered the richest influences of the best minds of writers both among the living and the dead, of his own and other lands, and, thus imbued and formed, he has expressed his soul to others. We join with "Aubin" in congratulating himself that he was born in this day when he could commune with such a company of good and illustrious men; and we add, for ourselves, the name of the author of Martyria and Euthanasy to the number.

It was said by the pastor of the late Dr. Bowditch, in a sermon preached on occasion of his death, that one day towards the close of his lingering illness he asked for the Greek word signifying "easy death." The word not immediately occurring to the person, Dr. B. said, you will find it in Pope's Correspondence. It was found there—in Dr. Arbuthnot's last letter to his friend;—*Euthanasia*. "Yes," said Dr. B. on hearing it, "this is the word—'euthanasia'. I read the letter forty years ago, and it made an impression on my mind which is still fresh."—Dr. B., adds his pastor, frequently recurred to this subject afterwards, and the day previous to his departure, he said, "This is, indeed, euthanasia." Were this remarkable man now living, he would listen to "Euthanasy" in the volume of Mr. Mountford with delight, and rejoice in the rich thoughts there presented, and in the meetness they are calculated to produce for the experience of "euthanasia" and the blessedness of the life to come.

The New Englander. Vol. VI. Number IV. October, 1848. New Haven; A. H. Maltby.

We opened this number with some sadness, and deep feelings of regret, that it was the last we should have from the hand of its late editor now cold and motionless in death. We turned first to the closing article—the Obituary notice of Rev. Edward R. Tyler—a tribute of affection and respect from the Rev. Dr. Bacon. The portrait there given answers to our conception of Mr. Tyler's character; for though we never personally knew him, we had thought of him as "by nature, and by the grace of God, one of the best sort of men"—"one of those in whom the elements of character, well attempered by nature and refined by culture, are ennobled by faith and sanctified by devotion." But we did *not* know of his ill-health, which was the occasion of the manifestation of so much "uncomplaining patience," and which revealed the force of his mind and heart in overcoming the great obstacles of physical depression. In communion with him through the New Englander, we have felt united to him by the fellowship of the Christian spirit, and by oneness with him in principles which he seemed to regard, and most certainly we ourselves regard, as more important than any points of difference. There are Orthodox men, and he was one of them, to whom we feel drawn by feelings which we will hope they share; and though ecclesiastical rules have put up the bars to hinder outward union, the *spirit* knows no such bars.

From the Obituary Notice, we turned to the Article on the Ethics of Religious Controversy, written by the subject of the Obituary. Our readers will find it on the first page of the *Register*. As there was want of space in the outside columns for the whole of it, we give the remainder in this place rather than defer it until next week.

It would be a stranger misapprehension still, if any one should suppose that we are blind to our own sins in controversy. The New Englander has aimed to be true to the principles here asserted. We have in a few instances been provoked by insults and puerilities, arrogance and weakness, not into any bitterness of spirit, but into the infliction of condign punishment on the offender, which, instead of bringing him to repentance, awakened compassion for him in the community. We think our ill success in these transgressions of the outward law of controversay, should not only effect a reformation in us, but impress others with a love of the better way.

With these few exceptions, we, as critics, have always maintained a courteous bearing towards those whose opinions we have felt it to be our duty to oppose. This we are happy to believe is the estimation in which we are held by all our readers, without as well as within the pale of our communion. We recollect but one instance in which a contrary testimony has been given (see Church Review, Vol. 1, p. 82); and that is from an author who had been irritated by a heavy blow upon the reputation of his favorite work, and who we suspect has read those articles only in the New Englander, which were particularly severe because particularly just, against the errors of a party in his own communion. Whosoever thinks unfavorably of our course, we hope will consent to an oblivion of past offences, if we should succeed in redeeming the pledge virtually given in this article.

We have brought this subject before our readers, in full view of the demand yet to be made for the exercise of a spirit of allegiance to the Christian law of controversy.

In no previous age has the tendency to unanimity on all great questions been so strong. We now have the promise after ages of dissent and discord, of something like harmony in regard to political science, in regard to ethics, and even in regard to theology. The rapid diffusion of thought from mind to mind, from continent to continent, is beginning to yield its fruit in the production of a common faith. Still much remains to be done to complete the harmony of all good men. The spirit of the old controversies still lives in the sects. They are too jealous of each other, to discuss any question at issue between them with gentleness, patience and meekness. A new spirit, the spirit of Christian love, which never wantonly offends; a guileless spirit which never perverts the truth, needs to be breathed into the church universal. This will inspire mutual confidence by deserving it, and harmonize opinions by disarming prejudice.

But we deceive ourselves if we suppose that the questions which have hitherto divided the Christian world, being settled, will be rested in at the end of controversy. Many of these questions we predict, will be lost sight of, as too trifling to occupy the cares of the church amid the differences of the future. We have fallen upon the times foretold in the Bible, when many shall "run to and fro"—when truth as well as errors shall be questioned and subjected to every possible test—shaking all things that the things which can not be shaken may remain. In this conflict the hearts of many will faint within them. Sustained by no strong reliance on the power of truth and the faithfulness of God, they will see with consternation the demolition of old party lines, and cry out in terror, "if the foundations be destroyed, what shall the righteous do?" The foundations will not be destroyed. They are they that will remain because they can not be shaken. It is a calm assurance of this security which we hope may possess the breasts of all parties to the theological controversies of the future. This calm assurence will allay all painful excitement of the public mind, at the announcement of novel opinions. It will insure to those opinions a fair discussion, and to the cause of truth a conclusive determination of them. Every error which does not carry its own denial on its face, will be refuted by argument, and not blown into importance by the persecution of its advocates. The friends of truth, being calm in the conviction of their strength, will no longer be tempted to defend their positions against the errorist by unlawful weapons. How desirable this assurance is for the peace of the churches in the coming conflicts, we need not say.

The other articles are on Ireland; The Mission of Labor; Martial Men and Books; Review of Dr. Spring's Power of the Pulpit; Christ in History; Our Late Conquests; Jurisprudence and the Baconian Philosophy; Review of Longfellow's Evangeline; Working of Emancipation in Jamaica; National Unity; Modern French Literature: Literary Notices; Obituary Notice of Rev. Edward R. Tyler.

The Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; With an Introductory Essay on his Life and Writings. New York; C. S. Francis & Co. 252 Broadway. Boston: J. H. Francis, 128 Washington St.—1848.

The poems of Coleridge are among the most remarkable productions of the human mind. No proficient in any art, no sculpture or painter, no son or daughter of song, no flying finger of musician, has ever exceeded in richness and mellowness, in beauty and exquisiteness of finish, in flexibility and compass, in majesty and in rapidity, this great poet, in his command and use of the English language. Some of his writings belong to the region of the pure imagination, some to that of the pure feeling, some to the truths of the reason, and some to all. There is very little or nothing in his poems that any other person could have written. The greatest interest, however, which the poems of Coleridge possess for us, is that mentioned by Maurice in the Dedication of his work on "the Kingdom of Christ." They are "connected with his personal being;" they "have always seemed so intensely real, and so expressive of what thousands of minds in different measures have been experiencing."—His ode to Despondency, for instance, "embodies so perfectly the feelings of a man who after the disappointment of all practical hopes, had sought in meditation for deliverance and rest, and then on returning to the actual world had found its glory departed, and his capacities of enjoyment dead."

We hope that the publishers will follow the poems of Coleridge with his dramatic works, and his translation of Schiller's Wallenstein.

The American Gallery of Art, from the Works of the Best Artists, with Poetical and Prose Illustrations, by Distinguished American Authors. Edited by J. Sartain. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

This is a splendidly illustrated and highly embellished quarto volume, which we have received, through Messrs. Crosby & Nichols, from the publishing house above named, of whose works the Register has already had occasion to speak in terms of praise. The embellishments are engraved by Mr. Sartain, the Editor, in his best style, from Original Paintings by American Artists, and are eleven in number. The letter press work consists of superior articles from the pens of Messrs. T. B. Read, C. C. Burr, W. H. Furness, J. S. Hart, J. L. Parker, T. S. Arthur, H. H. Weld, J. Tomlin, J. Cramer, J. Cameron, R. Coates; also from the following ladies—Alice G. Lee, Sarah J. Hale, Anna Blackwell, L. C. Tuthill, and Frances S. Osgood. The work is highly honorable to American literature and art, and especially to its projector, Mr. Sartain—who, in a series of which this is the commencement, aims to form a Gallery of characteristic specimens from the works of the distinguished Painters of America, and to convey a knowledge of their relative style.

For us, the mezzotint engraving produces its finest effect under a powerful light of the lamp, and viewed a little distance off. Let the mezzotints of this volume be opened on a centre table—the very place to which it is destined—under the light of the Solar, and the beholder will better understand and will certainly more truly appreciate and admire the genius of Sartain. What might possibly strike one as defective, when viewed near, and by day, like some of the strokes in the finest paintings, will not appear so under the circumstances we have suggested; and placed in the best light, which is needed to bring out to view the excellencies of the best pictures, the Mezzotints of Mr. Sartain produce a very fine effect. We hope his efforts in the volume before us will be well rewarded, and that he will receive encouragement to complete the plan he has here so happily conceived and so worthily begun.

The Daguerreotype, and Foreign Miscellany: A Magazine of Literature and Science. Compiled in part from the Periodical Publications of England, France, and Germany. Vol. iii. No. 1.

This Periodical is now issued from the publishing house of Messrs. Crosby & Nichols. Arrangements have been made for its regular semi-monthly appearance, on the second and fourth Saturdays of every month. It is distinguished by the excellent quality of its selections as well as by its handsome page, and has the additional value of containing translations from the leading German and French Periodicals from the hand of one of its editors, long a resident in those countries, and familiar with their language and literature.

The Child's Friend. Eliza Lee Follen, Editor. Vol. xi. Oct. 1848. No. 1.—Second Series, Volume 1, Boston: Published by Leonard C. Bowles.

The families into which this Periodical makes its monthly visits, enjoys a privilege which, we feel sure, is very highly valued. How rich the intercourse of such a "Friend"! How pure the influence exerted! How delightful the views presented of Nature and of Life! How beautifully blends the serious with the cheerful—and the smile and the tear often meet each other! We know not how extensive is the circulation of this Periodical, but it ought to be very wide; and now at this commencement of a New Series, is an excellent opportunity to subscribe for it. The New Series will have a frontispiece to each number, of a character which, unlike some periodicals, will increase and not diminish the value of the work.

The Boys' and Girls' Magazine and Fire-side Companion, Edited by Mark Forrester, and published by Bradbury & Guild.

This periodical has reached its second vol., fourth number, and furnishes very interesting and instructive matter for the young.

Bishop Hughes Confuted. Reply to the Rt. Rev. John Hughes, Roman Catholic Bishop of New York. By Kirwan. New York: Leavitt, Trow & Co. Pamplet, p. p. 105.

We had supposed that Kirwan was the Rev. Dr. Murray of Elizabethtown, N. J.; but if the following sentence in the volume before us is to be interpreted according to its obvious meaning,—"You conjecture and *mistake*, as to any name,"—then the inquisitive world must look somewhere else to find the real author. If wit and sarcasm, if personalities and *ridicule*,—all in good humor indeed,—can effect much good in religious discussion, we suppose the Church Protestant and Church Catholic may both congratulate themselves on their champions. We think that Kirwan wields the weapons more effective than the Bishop.

Young People's Journal of Science, Literature, and Art. Prof. Nathan Battain, A. M., Mrs. Francis H. Green, Editors. Nov. 1848. Published in New York and Boston. (In the latter place by Bella Marsh.) p. p. 32.

The first No., comes to us with papers on

Physiology, Physiognomy, Botany, Astronomy, Mythology; a biography of Banvard; a Dramatic sketch, &c.

Merry's Museum and Parley's Playmate. Edited by S. G. Goodrich, Author of Peter Parley's Tales.

The interest and value of this Periodical seem well sustained.

REV. T. T. STONE'S SERMON.—Our thanks are due our brethren of the Christian Inquirer for their kind attention in furnishing slips of their report of Mr. Stone's *sermon* at Mr. Thomas' Installation, in season for our last week's paper; but the pressure of other matter crowded it out. The Report is from the Inquirer's correspondent over the signature of *, and is as follows:

Mr. Stone's *sermon* was upon "the true light" in 9th verse of 1st John. He commenced with a general view of the Inner light, as "lighting every man that cometh into the world;" and then proceeded to speak of its presence in the *Church*, in the *Bible*, in *universal Nature*.

And 1st, in the introduction of the Christian era, Jesus says he would "send the Spirit to dwell in them forever;" this was the living Spirit present in each soul. Accordingly a Catholic church grew up, claiming to be the origin and test of this. It was the embodiment of the central idea of Christianity: that there is present in the church an immanent light, and that light is the life of men. The church called Catholic attached this life to a form growing more and more degenerate, and with the decay of the form the life grew faint. Protestantism, recognised this error, saw its corruption, and came forth to proclaim it. And as controversy went forward, it became necessary to have some ground of appeal. But what ground? What test? What shall the Protestant substitute for Catholic infallibility? And so step by step came the doctrine, the *Bible alone the religion of Protestants*; so the Reformation grounded itself upon the infallible letter. It is the latent conviction that the Spirit of the living God is immanent in Scripture. While the church is the ground of faith, we see how the Scriptures may be set aside. But, there is an error in this claim, the Bible ONLY, when we are encircled by an infinite universe—when there is a living soul in man. We are obliged to ask a larger scope. Then comes an abandonment of the Bible, and a resting upon the sources within; and the Christian comes to the extreme of individualism; to the appeal to private judgment. And here is a truth which we must recognise.

There is the reference to *Nature itself*. The man sees the sun in his strength, the ocean in its majesty, all in harmony with the experience of the soul, and he exclaims "God dwelleth here." Here, as in a holy shrine, he utters his voice. Each truth detached from the other is imperfect; a means, and no more. These are finger-points to the sacred fountains. "There is a light which lighteth every man." We are to recognise all as the utterance of one spirit. The whole history of mankind presents a perfect unfolding of God—all are presentations of the Divine mind. We are to feel there is an analogy, yes, an identity. "Butler's Analogy" should have been *Identity*. Religion is always one, whether it comes through holy men, or Scripture, or nature, or human experience—only one single principle, in all these varieties. Here is the ground of that union for which the church has been praying, and which was the touching prayer of Christ. Let each man return into himself, and their meet all kindred souls; in varieties of manifestation, yet but one spirit revealed in all.

In view of this great truth there is to be a perpetual progress of each true disciple. Too commonly is it felt, that the educated minister must receive a system which he is ever after to teach, of which he is to be the established expositor. If Trinitarian, he must go on so; and if Unitarian, remaining thus to the end. How erroneous this! The young man who comes to address his brethren on doctrine, can only employ a prescribed formula. But God has more light yet to break out of his word; out of the processes of Nature, out of the depths of the human spirit this universal light is to break forth, and our lights are to fade before it as they fade before the sun. It is what every man should be encouraged to do—not only be true to all known, but keep an open heart to all such as shall come; never suffer one's self to be bound to a spiritual childhood, but ever be open to new illumination.

"This renders a man fluctuating?" Yes, it ought, I trust, for brighter visions of truth. I would not ask where the light of God will lead me, but give myself to it, and hear a voice "come forth from all old formulas," Here is indeed, an infinitude before us, a truth forever revealing itself.

And I would extend this remark to every soul—never quench the spirit, but let it lead where it will, the perpetual guide.

Another thought. We are to apply this light to every subject. Once, the individual was detached from the world and sustained by a hope looking into the future—not a present reality, but a future gift—his own salvation, not that of mankind at large. Now it is the salvation of men, not man. The world and the church are to become one—the world being overspread and illuminated by the body of the Lord. Now, salvation is not complete save in the salvation of my brother. My brother's suffering or joy is mine. I am blessed in the blessing of all, and saved in the salvation of all. This is the problem of our age. It demands solution.

The errors and sins of the past and present come from man's severing himself from God, and deriving his impulses from his private self.

There is nothing more unworthy than to despise these views, to make them, as they are continually made, butts of ridicule. But, whatever one earnest soul brings out should be met with reverence. We should patiently investigate any proposition for the renovation of mankind, without being bound to receive any.

CORRECTIONS. In the report of the early proceedings of Convention, we said Rev. Mr. Doggett, of "Attleboro",—it should have been, of *Raynham*. In the meeting of Conference, not Rev. Mr. Stone, of "Salem," spoke—but Rev. E. M. Stone, of *Providence*.

On the outside of this week's paper, column 3, lines 23, 24, for "prodnctious pen"—read *productions from the pen*.

☞ An interesting notice of the ordination of Mr. Brown at West Cambridge, on Wednesday, was too late for insertion this week.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.—Montague is making progress under the ministry of Br. Nathaniel O. Chaffee, of the last Meadville Class. It gratifies us to know that Dr. Penniman commenced his ministry at Savannah with an excellent audience and a very encouraging feeling on the part of the people.

Rev. Rufus Ellis resigned his pastoral charge in Northampton, last Lord's day. The Greenfield society as soon as they obtain their church again propose to renew our worship: the place has increased by the addition of many young families, and will increase yet more through the junction of two railroads in the village, so that an enterprising young minister could not ask a better field for successful labor.

☞ Mr. Putnam, of the last class at Cambridge Theol. School, who has been preaching so acceptably at Winchendon, and doing a good work there, has died very suddenly at his father's house in Danvers, of erysipelas and fever.

REV. DR. POMROY. of Bangor, has been released from his pastoral charge, (which he has held for more than 20 years) with a view to enter on the duties of Secretary of Am. Board of For. Miss., to which he has been appointed.

THIRTY THREE YEARS AGO.—Rev. Mr. Gallaudet said to Dr. Poor (missionary) when a student at Andover Theological Seminary, that the time *might* come when there would be *newspapers for the diffusion of religious intelligence*.

ECCLESIASTICAL.—We learn from the Portland Advocate that Rev. William Crowell, for many years editor of the Christian Watchman of this city, has received the unanimous invitation of the First Baptist Church and Society in Waterville, Me., to become their pastor.

The Rev. Amos Smith, late of the New North Church in this city, has received and accepted an invitation to the pastoral office over the First Congregational Society in Leominster, late under the pastoral care of Rev. Hiram Withington.

THE BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION, at Rochester, was held on Thursday, after appointing officers for the ensuing year. Among the interesting incidents of the Convention, was the introduction of Mr. and Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Crayton, and Mrs. Van Duren, from the Karen mission. Mr. Wade was absent twenty-six years. Perhaps there is not another instance in the records of Missionary history, where the husband and wife returns together, after twenty-six years labor in a foreign land, with the prospect of returning and spending ten more years to preach the Gospel amidst the Karen jungles. Mr. Bright, in welcoming back the Missionary band, said of Mr. Wade:

"He had experienced all the horrors of the Burman death prison, and had known what it was to escape from death, when the axe of the executioner was uplifted to strike the fatal blow. He had been spared by the mercy of God, and lived to see many a Karen jungle bud and blossom like the rose. He had broken bread to a church of four hundred members in "the City of Love," and had buried in their waters one hundred dear converts, some of whom had gone to their rest in Heaven, and some still live. More than this, by his labors this people had been made ready to receive the word of the Lord.

This brother had done more than to conquer a kingdom—he had reduced the language of that people to writing; and if the Karen is now able to read from the Bible the word of life, that "God so loved the world that He gave his only be-gotten Son to die, that all who believe in him may have eternal life," if he has the Scriptures to clasp to his heart as the dearest treasures, they owe it, under God, to this Brother, and the encouragement of this Society."

The finances of the State Baptist Society were reported as follows:—

Balance from last report,	$3,355 22
Receipts since the last year,	7,205 41
	$10,560 63
Amount charged since Oct. 1847	6,275 94
	$4,283 69

[N. Y. Express.

CHRISTIAN IMMIGRANTS FROM HOLLAND.—The causes that first brought the May Flower, with its precious freight to the unexplored New World, is now apparently bringing over colonies of persecuted christians from the same country.

Among the emigrants who recently arrived at this port, was a party of Hollanders who came in the ship Garonne, from Rotterdam, and who having been forced by religious persecutions to leave their homes, are now about to settle near their countrymen at Freedorp and Grand Haven, Michigan. They came under the direction of their pastor, the Rev. Dr. Budding, a very talented, eloquent and wealthy clergyman who has for many years been conspicuous in Holland for his advocacy of liberal opinions and his opposition to the tyranny of the Government.

When the government passed a law that no synod of more than 15 members should be allowed to assemble, he denounced it repeatedly from the pulpit. For doing so he was fined over 40,000 guilders, and was imprisoned for a considerable time. The company which he brings out are all from the city of Dordrecht. They are 77 in number and though poorly dressed, have with them over $100,000 in specie.

Another company of twenty-five Hollanders, who came in the ship Madeline, bringing with them over $40,000, and bound for Grand Haven, have started up the river. Within a year past, the Rev. Drs. Van Realton and Stikktee have brought over and settled colonies of New Holland, Mich.; the Rev. Drs. Niphem, Bulks and Vander Meule, colonies at Freedorp, Mich.; the Rev. Dr. Scholten, a colony in Iowa, and the Rev. Dr. Sonne, a colony in Wisconsin, all of which are in a most flourishing and prosperous condition. [N. Y. Observer.

THE SYNOD OF THE FRENCH PROTESTANT CHURCH was in session by the last accounts.—Among other subjects, that of a confession of faith came up:

Three different projects were presented by the leaders of the various subdivisions of the Orthodox party. M. Agenor de Gasparin demanded that the church be established on a doctrinal basis, where the most essential of the doctrines would be briefly but clearly expressed. He added, that in case his proposition should be rejected, a separation would take place. Several of his friends had remained in the church till the present time, although they did not approve of its proceedings; they had waited for an evident sign of the will of God to effect this painful separation, which sign they saw in the present circumstances, and they would most certainly obey it if the church established itself on any other than a dogmatic basis.

Mr. Gasparin was a count while such titles existed in France, is a young man, pious, able, energetic. His object, we understand, is to exclude Socinianism and Rationalism. [Vt. Chronicle.

ACCEPTANCE. Rev. Baron Stow, D. D., has signified his acceptance to the call of the Rowe St. Baptist church and society, of this city.

A CHURCH EDIFICE FOR SALE. The elegant and costly church recently erected in Hanover street by the Unitarian Society over which Rev. Chandler Robbins was formerly settled, is now advertised for sale, by a committee appointed for that purpose.

The Christian Advocate and Journal says, that the completion of the minutes of the annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for 1848, shows an increase in the membership, of 7,508.—This includes only the annual conference of the Northern division of the Church.

DECLINED. Rev. Worthington Smith, D. D., of St. Albans, has declined accepting the presidential chair of the University of Vermont.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

ENGLISH NEWS. The latest, by the Europa, is that the Asiatic Cholera appeared in London on the 4th ult., and twenty severe cases were reported. In Edinburg, 20 cases out of 25, proved fatal. Smith O'Brien and two of his compeers have received the sentence to be executed, but are earnestly recommended to the mercy of the Crown. The harvesting in Scotland has been attended with more success than for many years; but in other parts of Great Britain, the crop will be below the average.

In *France*, there is still great excitement.—The Assembly has decided by a vote of 602 against 211, that the President shall be elected by direct and universal suffrage by ballot, and by an absolute majority. But little doubt is entertained, and for ourselves we think it morally certain, that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte will be the first President of France.

At *Vienna* has been another atrocious insurrection—150 killed, and 500 or 600 wounded. The Imperial family have again left.

In *Berlin* all is now quiet.

CELEBRATION OF THE 25TH OF OCTOBER.—This equalled the highest anticipations and met the best hopes of every body, as to the pleasantness of the weather, and the splendor of the procession, and the agreeable manner in which every thing passed off, from the first moving of the procession to the advent of the water at sunset amid the shouts of the thousands on the Common to behold it, as it rose to heaven in praise to the great Almighty Source of all, and fell to the earth again as in lowly reverence to fulfil its mission among men. We have not the space for particulars. The Military, the Engine men, the various Associations and Societies, the Professions and Trades—all made a very imposing spectacle as they passed along—extending three miles or more—being two hours and eight minutes passing a given point in State Street.—When the foot of the Procession left the Common, its head had reached the Marlboro Chapel—the procession therefore reaching from the Common to that place, through Tremont, Court, Cambridge, Chamber, Green, Pitts, Merrimack, Blackstone, Salem, Charter, Hanover, Richmond, Commercial, South Market, Merchant's Row, State St., and Washington. Let the reader take a map of Boston, and mark the route from the Common to the Marlboro chapel, and thence up Washington, through Warren and Tremont, to the Common, and he will be aided in his conceptions of the celebration of the day. No part of the procession looked more finely than the colored members of one of the Lodges. The regalia of gold and purple on them gave them altogether a magnificent appearance.

The impression of the whole became still deeper when, on entering the Common, the procession passed through the children of the Schools standing on the right hand and on the left, lifting up their voices in cheers, and spreading the light of their faces over the scene. Arriving at the Fountain, and turning back to view the procession in its then three fold curve, and glancing on the immense throng already gathered on the eminences of the Common, or making their way to the central scene, we were prepared to unite in prayer with the venerable pastor of Charles St, who officiated on the occasion,—although we could not hear his voice,—and join in the hymn of praise. The Report of the Water Commissioners being presented, (not read,) and the Mayor having replied, the water was let on—and as the Mayor gave the word, great was the shout, and great the company that made it.

We suppose that those residing ont of the city can have but a faint notion of the gladness which the introduction of the Cochituate water has produced. Probably the sensation felt by each family as the water flows into the numerous houses where its want has been so long and painfully felt, will exceed even that of beholding the first jet on the Common.

Had our readers been in the Newspaper Exchange on Tuesday, and heard the shouts of the operatives and others, as the water made its appearance within the walls of the building, they would have had no dubious conviction that a great event had taken place.

MOTTOES.—The following were some of the mottoes on the route of the Procession.

Des. Grant's house—a streamer on the arch of the doorway, exhibited the following—"Long looked for, come at last." Over the gateway, was the following—

"Now, be our drink Cochituate Water clear,
Thro' all the seasons of the rolling year."

This was arranged by the ladies; the letters in black being cut from cloth and placed on a blue ground. The eaves of the house were festooned with flags; the arches were ornamented with bouquets of roses.

Hanover street—Across this street, from Dr. Parkman's church, floated a festoon of streamers and flags, on which was read the following: "Pure water, the gift of Heaven. Introduced Oct. 25th, 1848."

At the Adams House was the following inscription—"City of Boston authorized by an Act of the Legislature to bring water from Long Pond. March 30, 1846."

Near Boylston street, another floated bearing the inscription: "Act of Legislature accepted by citizens, April 13, 1846. Vote, 4637 yeas to 468 nays."

Across to Common street floated the following: "Nathan Hale, James F. Baldwin, Thomas B. Curtis, Esqs. chosen Water Commissioners, April, 1846."

Warren street—The Warren street Chapel presented an unusually gay and lively scene.—At the intersection of Common with Tremont street a flag bore the inscription—"Ground broken at Cochituate lake by Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., August 20. 1846."

Among the displays of flags, that made by the shipping in port is worthy of attention. Many of the vessels were gaily set out and presented a most unique and pleasing sight.

Over the north eastern gateway of the Common, was the following—

'Water was introduced into the City, Oct. 25, 1848; Josiah Quincy, Jr., Mayor.'

Reverse—'Praise and Adortion be given unto Him who visiteth the earth and watereth it.'

Over the north western, near the Mill Dam, was the following:—

'Sweet waters shall flow in upon us, and bitter waters shall be driven out.'

Reverse—'Streams shall run in our streets, and play about our dwellings.'

Over the South Western, near Pleasant street, was the following:—

'The Springs of the Hills have come to us to refresh us.'

Reverse—The Waters shall be as a Fountain, to fertilize the Valleys.'

On the south eastern, 'Water shall run in dry places, and the thirsty shall drink thereof and be glad.'

Reverse—'Rejoice, for the rock has been smitten, and the waters have gushed out.'

The pond itself was also remembered, and the rostrum near the Fountain honored with inscriptions as follows:—

'The Water is ours.'—Gen. xxii. 20.

'The Lord spake—Gather the people together, and I will give them water.'—Numbers xxi. 16.

'Ye shall serve the Lord, your God; and he shall bless thy bread and thy water.'—Exodus xxiii. 25.

We have found water.'—Gen. xxvi. 32.

'Fill the pots with water.'—John ii. 7.

'Let thy fountains be dispersed abroad and rivers of water in the streets.—Prov. v. 16.

THE HYMN, composed by George Russell, Esq., and sung by the Handel and Hadyn Soc., to the tune of Old Hundred, was as follows:

Eternal! uncreated God!
Source of our being! Fount of love!
Our songs ascend to thine abode;
Thou art the joy of worlds above!

The Sea is thine—at thy command,
From darkness deep, its waters came;
The "Sons of God" beheld thy hand,
And in loud chorus praised thy Name.

Rivers, and lakes, and springs declare
That Thou art wise, and kind, and good;
Both man and beast thy bounties share;
Thou givest DRINK;—Thou givest food.

Behold! from yonder distant lake,
A stream, our city now supplies!
And bid it welcome—come partake!
TO-DAY ITS WATERS GREET OUR EYES!

Let old and young, and rich and poor,
Join in one full harmonious song!
Let every tongue its praises pour,
And swell the Anthem loud and long!

THE ANTEDILUVIAN WORLD. The exhibition bearing this name, now open at Central Hall, Milk street, is well worth visiting by all lovers of Art, and by all who would see some striking passage in the earliest history of the world, as given in the Bible, grandly illustrated. The figures in "the Expulsion"—the sublime conception which marks the "Separation of Light from Darkness"—the rich scenery of "Paradise"—the repose and beauty in the "Assuaging of the Waters"—are among the many attractive characteristics of these Paintings, which, taken together, are entitled to high commendation. The whole entertainment is admirably presented. The music is charming.

REV. H. W. BELLOWS has returned in excellent health from his European tour, and preached to an overflowing congregation in his Church, on Sunday, Oct. 29.

NEW ENGLAND AND THE CHOLERA.—The Daily Advertiser contains a letter from Dr. C. Jackson, in which he expresses the opinion that the Asiatic Cholera will not prevail in New England to any considerable extent. He bases this opinion on the known geological character of this region. He says that the cities situated on limestone or tertiary soils have always suffered most severely from this scourge; while the primary or granite regions have never been visited to any considerable extent.

From the fact that it never has visited the granite countries of Switzerland or Tyrol, in Europe, while it followed the calcareous districts around; and since it did not occur in the primary districts of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont or Massachusetts; while it did follow the calcareous formations through Canada, New York, Ohio, and along the Mississippi, Dr. Jackson infers that the calcareous soil or waters have much to do with the production of the disease.

The Dr. anticipates that most important advantages will result from the introduction of Cochituate water, which will be so much purer and freer from all deleterious qualities than even our best well water. [Trav.

A GOOD MAN DEPARTED.—Rev. Dr. Gillet, so well known to the religious community, for his piety, virtues and usefulness, died at Hallowell 19th inst., at about 80 years of age. He settled in Hallowell over 50 years ago, and has resided there ever since. For almost 40 years he has been Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society.

FIRES. The New-Haven Courier of the 23d says that the Congregational Meeting-house in Berlin (Worthington Society) was burned on the night of the 21st; the act probably of a rum-drinking incendiary.

TEACHERS FOR THE WEST. The Rochester Advertiser says that that city was greeted on Thursday by the arrival of twenty-six young ladies who were on their way to the West, accompanied by Gov. Slade of Vermont, to engage in teaching. The Society of which Gov. Slade is Secretary has, within the last eighteen months, sent to the West 110 young ladies as teachers.

THE ICE AND DOMESTIC COTTON TRADE.—The Shipping List publishes a statement of the exports of domestics and ice from this port for the month of September, as follows:—

The export of Domestic Goods from this port for the month ending Sept. 30, 1848, has been as follows:—

	Bales and Cases.	Value.
To East Indies	900	$38,668 55
Calcutta	200	8,233 82
Gibraltar	20	755 35
Malta and Smyrna	10	406 75
Honolulu	49	3,102 60
Cape de Verds	10	348 31
Halifax	30	1,481 00
Total for September	1,219	$52,995 88
August	4,806	194,471 83
July	1,311	67,829 11
June	5,893	248,086 53
May	5,353	225,936 38
April	9,931	424,216 27
March	2,053	111,747 07
February	1,690	95,197 07
January	1,927	99,866 52
Total since January	34,183	$1,590,270 66
Same time last year	28,016	

The export of Ice for the month of September has been as follows:—

To Rio Janeiro	174
Port Spain	186
Barbadoes	1393
St. Jago	230
St. Thomas	174
St. John's, PR.	100
New Orleans	1,153
Mobile	275
Norfolk	100
Savannah	200
Richmond	125
Baltimore	146
Total for September	3,060½
Previous eight months	44,657½
Total since January	47,718
Same time last year	41,115½
Increase	6,602½

EXPENDITURES 1ST SESSION XXXTH CONGRESS.—The Clerk of the House of Representatives, in obedience to the Act of July 4, 1848, requiring the Secretaries of the Senate and House to furnish a statement of all appropriations made during the Session, has published the following:

RECAPITULATION.

For the deficiencies in former appropriations for the year ending June 30, 1848	$15,115,666 88
For revolutionary and other pensions	453,536 34
For the support of the Military Academy	144,472 00
For the service of the Post Office Department	4,451,700 00
For fortifications	583,600 00
For the support of the Indian Department	901,134 68
For the support of the Navy	9,878,136 77
For the civil and diplomatic expenses of the Government	4,956,420 19½
For the support of the Army	10,612,416 28
For the erection of light houses, &c.	184,600 00
Miscellaneous	151,761 05
Total	$47,431,844 19½
Last payment of liquidated Claims to Mexico, (indefinite)	
For payment of 4th Regt. 3d Division Vermont Militia, for services at the Battle of Plattsburg, (indefinite)	
For relief of widows and orphans of the officers, seamen and marines of brig Somers, (indefinite)	
For relief of Ward & Smith—advances for use of Navy Department in California in February, 1847, (indefinite)	
For relief of heirs of John Paul Jones, by settlement of his accounts with the United States upon principles of equity and justice, (indefinite)	
Also to pay them and the legal representatives of the officers, seamen and marines of the squadron under his command, the value of three prizes captured by them and delivered to Great Britain by Denmark, in 1779, (indefinite)	

There are also an indefinite number of *indefinite* items, not specified in the Clerk's statements, which involve heavy appropriations.

☞ A CARD. The Subscriber would thankfully acknowledge his obligations to our Brethren of the Unitarian Churches of New Bedford, for the sum of One Hundred and Ninety Five Dollars, to aid him in building Two Churches in Illinois—and in particular, to the Rev. Mr. Weiss and the flock of his charge.

D. NICHOLSON.

Boston, Nov. 4th, 1848.

☞ J. B. GOUGH, on Sunday evening, Nov. 5th.—This distinguished advocate of Temperance will deliver an address on the subject, in Tremont Temple, Sunday evening next, at 7½ o'clock.

M. GRANT, President B. T. A. Society.
F. R. WOODWARD, Sec'ry.

nov4

☞ A PUBLIC PRAYER MEETING, will be held at Hall No. 2, Tremont Temple, on Sabbath evening next, at 7 o'clock. Entrance at the southerly gate.

"Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

All Christians, who desire thus to glorify God, in the coming election, are invited to be present. Services to be strictly religious and devotional. nov4

☞ THE RELIGIOUS UNION OF ASSOCIATIONISTS, will open their course of meetings for the season at Washingtonian Hall, Bromfield Street, on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 5th, at the usual hours of service.

The Relations of Religion and Politics will be considered by W. H. Channing.

Friends and the public are cordially invited to attend. nov4

☞ The REV. THOMAS STARR KING, will preach at the Church in Hollis Street, on Sunday, Nov. 5th. nov4

☞ SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES. Religious services *every Sunday evening* in the Chapel on Freeman Place, Beacon st.

Conference meeting or a Lecture *every Wednesday evening*, at the same place.

Our friends are invited to meet with us on these evenings, as they may find opportunity. oct28

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 26th ult, by Rev Mr Huntington, Eben Francis Stone, Esq., of Newburyport to Miss Harriet, daughter of the late Augustus Perrin, Esq.

26th ult, by Rev Mr Huntington, Mr Franklin E. Edson of Jamestown, N. Y., to Miss Maria Isabella Hopkins, daughter of Mr Solomon Hopkins of this city; also, same day, by the same, Mr Frank A. Turner to Miss Ellen H. Frothingham of this city.

26th ult, in Brattle Street Church, by Rev S. K. Lothrop, Mr Paul B. Bradley to Miss Georgiana M. Moore, youngest daughter of Col. A. Moore, all of this city.

29th ult, by Rev Dr Ingersoll of East Cambridge, at the Channing Street Church, Mr Charles R. Foote to Miss Ellen A. Meacham.

In Charlestown, by Rev T. S. King, Mr Thomas I. Kimball to Miss Sarah Crocker of Brewster.

In East Boston, by Rev L. J. Livermore, Mr James P. Snow to Mrs Ann Harrington.

In Dorchester, by Rev Dr Hall, Mr Andrew Bass of Braintree to Miss Abby Davenport of D.

In Cohasset, 25th ult, by Rev Mr Osgood, Mr James P. Hobart of Charlestown to Miss Louisa, daughter of Henry Pratt of C.

In Salem, 19th ult, Mr William Hale to Miss Eliza A. Burnham.

In Tyngsboro', 26th ult, by Rev Wm Morse, Mr George Turner to Miss Almira P. Kendall, both of T.

In Augusta, Me., 17th ult, Mr John H. Packard to Miss Olive S., eldest daughter of Capt John Cony.

9th ult, by Benj A. G. Fuller, Esq., Mr P. W. Whitehouse of Vassalboro', to Miss Huldah E. Allen.

In Portland, Me., 19th ult, Mr William M. Hyde of Newton to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Mr Levi Williams of P.

In Philadelphia, 12th ult, Mr Francis A. Hooper of Boston to Miss Fannie A., daughter of John Hastings, Esq., of P.

DEATHS.

In this city, Oct. 28th, at his residence in Beacon Street, Hon. Harrison Gray Otis, 83. He graduated at Harvard University in 1783, and has filled many important public offices. He has represented Massachusetts in both houses of Congress. He was appointed District Attorney under John Adams; was subsequently a member of the celebrated Hartford Convention; was President of our State Senate, Judge of the Boston Court of Common Pleas, and the third Mayor of Boston. His intellectual faculties were bright and vigorous to the last; and he died without pain, so gently that those who watched with him could not tell the exact moment of the spirit's departure. He has gone full of years and of honors to meet the experiences of a higher state and ampler sphere of existence.

Immortality o'ersweeps
All pains, all tears, all time, all fears—and peals
Like the eternal thunders of the deep
Into our ears this truth—He lives forever!

[Transcript.

In Dorchester, Rev Hiram Withington, recently Pastor of the First Congregational Society in Leominster.

In Milton, 24th ult, very suddenly, Moses Webster, Esq., 67.

In Easton, 13th ult, of dysentery, Mr Emery Reed, son of Mr James Reed, 21.

In Andover, 30th ult, Mrs Sophia M., wife of Mr Wm H. Wardwell, and daughter of the late Judge Eames of Brooklyn, N. Y., 28.

In East Lexington, 15th inst, George Henry, only child of Rev Herman Snow, 5 mos.

In New York City, Hon Dixon H. Lewis, U. S. Senator from Alabama, Mr L. was, perhaps, the heaviest man in the country. In both Houses of Congress, while he held the offices of Senator and Representative, it was found necessary to construct seats especially for his accommodation.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER AND RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY, No. CL., for November, 1848.

CONTENTS:

Art. I. Confucius.
II. History of Harvard College.
III. Catholicism and Protestantism in France.
IV. The Use of the Word "Deus" in Plautus and Terence.
V. Sacred Music.
VI. French Literature and the French Pulpit.
VII. Sphere of Human Influence.
VIII. The Relation of the Pulpit to Future Ages; a Defence of Preaching.
IX. The Religion of Life, a Reverie.
X. Notices of Recent Publications.
XI. Intelligence.

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POETRY.

For the Register.

DEAR SIR,—I have lately read a little volume of "Poems of Rural life in the Dorset Dialect" and have been pleased with the artless simplicity of many of them, whilst some smaller pieces seem to me to possess merit of a higher order. I have copied out several, merely substituting the *English* word where the *Provincial* to some might not be intelligible. If you think they would please your readers, more of them are at your service.

THE VOICES THAT BE GONE.

When evening shades o'trees do hide
A body by the hedges side,
And twitt'ring birds, with playsome flight,
Do flee to roost at coming night,
Then I do saunter out of sight
In orchard, where the place once rung
With laughs a-raised and songs a-sung,
By voices that be gone.

There's still the tree that bore our swing,
And t'others where the birds did sing;
But long leaved docks do overgrow
The ground we trampled bare below,
With merry skippers to and fro
Beside the banks, where Jim did sit
A-playing o'the claironet,
To voices that be gone.

How mother, when we used to stun
Her head with all our noisy fun,
Did wish us all a-gone from home:
And now that some be dead and some
Be gone, and all the place is dumb,
How she does wish, with useless tears
To have again about her ears,
The voices that be gone.

THE MUSIC OF THE DEAD.

When music, in a heart that's true,
Does kindle up old loves anew,
And dim wet eyes, in fairest lights,
Do see but inward fancy's rights;
When creeping years, with withering blights
Have took off those that were so dear
How touching 'tis if we do hear
The tu-ens [tunes] of the dead, John.

Last night as I was going along
The brook, I heard the milk-maid's song
A ringing out so clear and shrill
Along the meads and round the hill.
I caught the tuen, and stood still
To hear't; 'twas one that Jane did sing
A field a milking in the spring,—
Sweet music of the dead, John.

Don't tell of songs that now are sung
By thoughtless lads with shameless tongue;
Sing I old ditties, that would start
The maiden's tears, or stir my heart
To take in life a manly part—
The old folks's songs that *told a tale*,
And vollied round their mugs of ale,
The music of the dead, John.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SWITZERLAND.

[From Rev. H. W. Bellows' Correspondence in the Christian Inquirer]

VEVAY, LAKE LEMAN, *Aug.* 4. 1848.

There is nothing in the world which suffers more from superficial and hurried observation than fine scenery,—a thing which we ordinarily think can be taken in and appreciated as we ride post-haste through it, or steam past it at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. At every place we stop, for a few days, in Switzerland, we find ourselves delighted. Then the landscape has an opportunity of recommending itself to the eye, when it is not weary with looking, or crowded with numerous and various objects. We are not in the mood to enjoy nature many hours in a day. She does not like to be stared at or hunted down, and usually revenges herself upon those who pursue her with deliberate purposes of admiration, by looking as uninteresting as possible. She chooses to take us by surprise, to steal into our hearts when they are freshest and purest, and win an admiration which we cannot withhold. She will not accept the worship of our weary and cloyed senses, nor does she suffer her lover to fly from one to another of her charms, without destroying his sensibility to her real beauty.

Of much that we have seen in Switzerland, we are compelled to say only this, that it approved itself to our judgment as beautiful, and that we hope to enjoy the recollection of it far more than we were able to enjoy its actual vision. And, indeed, this is the only apology, or rather, reason, for seeing any thing in states of exhaustion of body and mind, that we possess the power of storing away the elements of them for future use and enjoyment; and so, like the camel, the traveller drinks far more deeply than his present thirst demands or justifies, because he knows that it will be for his refreshment when he is far from the fountain.

We have been already long enough among the mountains, to find that they grow upon the eye, and the imagination, with acquaintance.—They need to be seen near and afar, from the valleys and the hill-tops, from the lakes and from the ridges, at morning, noon, and evening, in storm and in calm,, to produce the effects of which they are capable. As a general rule, however, it is as true of great mountains as of great men, that distance increases their apparent magnitude. Indeed, you cannot get nigh the Alps, without ascending, and thus destroying the effect of what is truly a part of their own proper altitude, though it may bear another name. Thus, if to see the Jungfrau, you climb the Wengem Alp, or still more the Faulhorn, the valley between you and your mighty Alp is not as deep by two or three thousand feet, as the lake below, and by just so much is the mountain robbed of its effective magnitude. The Burnese Alps never appear so lofty as when seen from the lake of Thun, and the further you get from them, so long as their outline is distinctly visible, the more prodigiously high do they seem.

We passed a day at Lucerne, which lies at the foot of the lake of the Four Cantons, and made an intervening excursion upon that celebrated sheet of water. Around it lie the most kindling scenes of Swiss history. It was the theatre of Tell's exploits, and his memory is inscribed upon every part of it. There never was a fairer canvass, or a grander frame, than those which the beautiful waters, and the sublime mountains of this lake have afforded the glorious picture fixed there by the patriotism and heroic genius of the Swiss peasants. It is cheering to see the enthusiasm that still clings about his name, and the neighborhood of his deeds. Nothing can exceed the variety or the splendor of the elements that compose the scenery of this lake. Its form is that of a star. Towards the northern end, its banks are mild and lovely. In the centre, grand and beautiful; at the southern extremity, awful and sublime. About the bay of Uri, mountains of six or seven thousand feet, descend in sheer precipices that leave no room for the chamois' foot to form its frame work, and the sun can have no look at its waters except for the few hours about noon, when nothing escapes the eye.

Our journey from Lucerne to Interlachen, a distance of about fifty miles by the circuitous carriage road, we shortened by adopting modes of conveyance quite new to American travellers. After a pleasant passage by oars to a point not visited by the steam-boat, on the western arm of the lake, we were carried by a small carriage to the foot of the Brieng, where the village of Lungern lies in a perfect *cul-de-sac*; with no road possible to any wheeled vehicle beyond it. Here we procured for the ladies, "chaises a porteur;" chairs, resting on poles, which are borne each by two men, and on which ladies are conveyed without peril or fatigue over the steepest and most inaccessible paths of Switzerland. The apparent ease with which two slender peasants, carried a weight of not less than two hundred pounds, including the chair itself, and small articles of luggage, up steeps which it was distressing to unaccustomed knees to ascend with no weight but that which naturally rested on them, and over a distance of ten miles, in the short space of three hours, was an admirable illustration of what use can do to make the most difficult labors supportable. The porters had strength to sing their Tyrolean songs even as they skimmed along with their burdens. Three brothers and a cousin formed our band, and their charming songs possessed the harmony which comes from the practice of years, and that instinctive understanding of each other, which musical families seem always to have. An old man, who carried our baggage on his back over the mountain, seemed as fresh when he arrived as if two hundred pounds had added nothing to the weight of three score years. The pack saddle which the mountaineers use for their own backs, is a wooden frame fitted to their shape, with a shelf like a seat of a chair, proceeding from about the middle of it, on which their burden rests. They make nothing of carrying a heavy trunk, with a carpet bag, cloak, and other small articles, up a mountain which it takes four or five hours of hard climbing to ascend.

Interlachen, so called from lying between the lakes of Thun and Brieng, is in the very heart of Switzerland, and forms the rendezvous of travellers who wish to settle down for a time in the neighborhood of its most interesting scenes. The town resembles more an American watering place, than a Swiss village, being composed of a long array of hotels, and boarding houses, mixed up with shops, where objects of curiosity or use are found. But it lies just opposite the mouth of the valley that afterwards divides into two of the most celebrated valleys in Switzerland, Lauterbrunnen, and Grindewald, with the Jungfrau in the perspective, perhaps of all mountains the most interesting. The beauty of the lime trees that form a magnificent colonnade in front of the hotels, the nearness and height of the mountains, that close about the village, the sound of the rushing river that discharges the lake of Brieng and Thun, whose level is four feet lower, the distant, yet distinct view of the Jungfrau, to set off whose snowy majesty, all the valley seems to have opened, and the lesser Alps who have framed themselves about its vista, all combine to give Interlachen a charm which even the formalities of fashion, and the obtrusiveness of great hotels cannot destroy.—Our chamber window was the point from which an artist would have chosen to paint the scene.

The unsettled state of affairs upon the Continent, keeps at least two thirds of the ordinary number of travellers at home, and we are everywhere reaping the advantage of their fears.—The scenes that we beheld a few evenings since at our hotel, we presume would not have taken place under any other circumstances than in a dearth of guests. A company of blind musicians had collected in front of the house, to harmonize the souls into charity. Their music would have been intolerable had they not been blind; but we could not do less than forget our ears, when they had lost their eyes. A large company of peasants in the picturesque costume of the canton Berne were gathered about the hotel, and the servants of the house filled the hall. Some gay young men proposed a dance to the few ladies present, in which only one was inclined to join; whereupon, not thus to be foiled, they rushed in among the servants, and were soon twirling, with the utmost nonchalence, the maids of the village, and the inn, through the waltz and the polka about the ladies saloon. It was surprising to see how gracefully, and with how little *mauvise honte* these honest girls bore themselves through what, to us, was a somewhat trying occasion. We have seen nothing in real life, so much like that stereotype subject of Italian art, the "Rape of the Sabines," as was this foray for partners at Interlachen.

Early one bright morning in August, we left Interlachen for a short excursion on horseback or a-foot among the High Alps. We proposed to see, in the shortest time possible, all that the valley of Lauterbrunnen, the passage of the Wengein Alps, the valley and glaciers of Grindewald, the ascent of the Faulhorn, and a visit to the famous glacier of Roseulane afforded. Three days was the least time in which the tour could be made, according to landlords, guides, and other interested parties, who profit by charging so much per day for horses and their own services. But a little experience had taught us that all distances in Switzerland are wilfully and grossly exaggerated, perhaps to balance the systematical shortening in New England, the American Switzerland—where the sign-board miles need usually an addition of fifty per cent. The standard of distances in Switzerland is time. It is so many hours to a place; and it soon becomes evident that an hour's distance here means what a man with a monstrous load on his back can travel in that time up hill, or what a loaded horse or mule will do, going down. In short, a good mile is often reckoned as an hour's walk, when it is over rough ground, and the distances to places, which, if time be the standard, differ so much, according as they are up or down, are reckoned in a uniform manner, which, however convenient to innkeepers, misleads the traveller exceedingly. For the advantage of any future traveller in Switzerland, who may chance to read these lines, we will state the exact time required for this very common excursion. We do not say that it is not desirable to give more time to it, but that it is possible to accomplish it without an injurious fatigue in about half the period it ordinarily takes, and this may be a decisive consideration with those who have ladies in their party, whom they cannot take with them, and do not like to leave for more than one night, or who are pressed for time, or compelled to be economical of money.

H. W. B.

THE SAILOR MISSIONARIES.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

In the South Pacific Ocean, lat. 13, is a beautiful cluster of Islands called the Navigators.—They were first discovered by Bougainville, 80 years ago, and were so called from the circumstance that the inhabitants had a great number of canoes, and showed an admirable skill in their management. They are surrounded by coral reefs, and seem to have been of volcanic origin. The people are numerous, well-built, and active. Their villages sloping up the hill-sides, or half buried in the shady vallies, present a beautiful picture as seen from the sea. Figs, poultry, bread-fruit, bananas, and oranges abound.

About the year 1828, a reckless sailor preferring a chance among the savage natives, to the hard usage he received on board a British whale ship, ran away, and found a home on one of these Islands. The natives finding him capable of teaching them many things useful, treated him with marked respect and kindness. The old chief gave him one of his daughters for a wife. In a year or two after, two native missionaries, educated by the "Martyr Missionary," Williams, arrived from the Island of Rorotonga. Through their instrumentality, the sailor became a changed, praying man, and immediately joined them in their various labors for the temporal and spiritual good of the people; and subsequently took charge of this missionary station.

Three years ago, another young sailor deserted from a British whale ship, and as a good providence directed, fell into the hands of this Sailor Missionary. Being a son of a minister of the Church of England, he had received instruction in the things of God in his earlier years, but no lesson ever went to his heart till the Holy Spirit sent home the teachings of his brother sailor in this distant island of the sea.—Seven years he had wandered a prodigal from his father's house, and native land; and now for the first time, was constrained to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." He also became a "new creature," and joined his brother sailor, and brother in Christ, in the missionary work.—The natives built him a large and convenient house, in which he has taught school. The mission is located in a village of 800 inhabitants. A good meeting-house has been built, and a church organized, with 80 members at the present time. Every family in the village observes morning and evening worship. In Nov. last he left in an American whale ship, to visit once more the home and the friends of his youth.—The other day he arrived in New York; and having spent a short time at the Sailor's Home, on the 31st of August, he sailed as a cabin passenger in the fine ship Lebanon for Liverpool. In the spring, he purposes to return to his adopted home in the South Seas, where he hopes to spend his days as a missionary in the service of his Divine Master. These two sailors are the only white persons on the Island.—*Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first to bring thy sons from far.*

[Sailor's Magazine for Oct.

PROGRESS OF FREEDOM.

"The 'casting down of thrones' is, and is to be, connected with freedom in the true sense—the freedom of all, and with the introduction of a period when the 'Ancient of Days,' the great God alone, shall rule over men. So far as the demolition of royal hereditary power goes to emancipate one man, it goes to emancipate all; so far as it raises one to the dignity of a freeman, it, in principle, raises all; so far as it breaks the fetters of one, it breaks the fetters of all; so far as it opens to the view of any man the right to civil and religious liberty, it opens that view to all. The principle is one whose progress cannot long be arrested towards universal emancipation. *Our* principles of liberty strangely stopped before we reached this result, and millions are still held in bondage; France, seventy years after the proclamation of our independence, and taking our principles as her guide, leaped at once to a conclusion which *we* should have reached, that if one man is free, all are; that if one class of men are entitled to liberty, all are; that if it is wrong for kings to tyrannize over men, it is wrong for any man to do it; that if men are not to be slaves beneath a throne, they are not to be slaves in a republic; and that, as they who stand around the throne when it falls are free, so all men, so far as *they* are concerned, are free also. The conclusion is inevitable; and to this, sooner or later, all men must come. If liberty is *our* right, it is the right of others; if it was not right that we should be fettered and manacled, having done no wrong, it is not right that others should be. If kings are guilty of wrong in depriving men of freedom, then all other men are guilty of wrong in doing the same thing; and if they are right who seek their own freedom, they cannot be right in withholding it from others. Curran saw this in the immortal declaration, that the 'moment any one touched the soil of England, that moment he was free, and his shackles fell.' Mansfield saw it, when from the high seat of judicial power, he declared this to be British law; and it is strange that the world—that the great advocates of liberty—that the great defenders of the gospel—that the great upholders of the democratic principle—have not always and everywhere proclaimed it. But it will be proclaimed. Slavery cannot always exist in a republic. There is such a singular incongruity between the declaration in the instrument which proclaims our freedom, 'that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, *liberty* and the pursuit of happiness,' and the doctrine and the fact that millions are held in servitude; there is such an incongruity in reading and proclaiming this throughout the land, and dwelling upon it as a 'self-evident' truth, and in the same breath proclaiming the doctrine that there are now as many millions in our own country as first gave utterance to this truth who are not, and ought not to be free; there is such an absolute impossibility in maintaining the democratic principle, and still defending the institution of perpetual bondage; and there is such a fell and chilling difficulty in expressing congratulation to a foreign people because they *all* are free, while we enslave millions in our own bosom, that the eyes will yet be open upon inconsistencies and absurdities so glaring, and the world will begin to ask, whether we mean to teach that liberty is the right of man as such, or only our own right; whether we mean to rejoice that it is extended to others, or only that it is ours. But the world does not go backward on this point. They that rejoice with France; they that exult with the hope that Europe will be emancipated; they that express sympathy with the elevation of man when thrones are prostrated, are holding up a sentiment which will yet emancipate every human being from oppression and bondage. And to that the world is coming:—and God speed the day." [Rev. Albert Barnes.

SUPERSTITION CURED BY SUPERSTITION.

Dr. Duncan's memoir contains an incident, which strikingly illustrates the power of superstition in the dark minds of Irish Papists, and which shows how much more ready such superstitious minds are to yield to frivolous occurrences, than to the force of truth and reason.

Dr. Duncan, happened to be walking in front of the manse one fine day in the summer, when he was accosted very civilly by an Irishman.

Papist. Would your reverence have the kindness to christen a baby?

Dr. Duncan. Who desires it?

P. Myself, please your reverence.

Dr. D. But who are you? I never saw you before. Are you a parishioner of mine? Are you a Protestant? Surely you don't attend church.

P. True, I am your parishioner, for I live in your parish, and have done this six weeks bygone; as for attending church, Reverend Sir, I must inform your reverence I once heard a Protestant preacher in Armagh; but I took a complaint in my hip the week after, and I vowed to the Virgin, that if she would recover me but this once, I never would enter a Protestant church more. So I could not, if I would, come to your church; and that is the only reason, your Reverence. But if your Reverence would come to my cabin and christen the baby, I'd be forever obliged to you.

Dr. Duncan addressed the poor man very seriously, showing him the folly and sin of his vow, and tried to convince him of his need of seeking light from the Scriptures. He spoke earnestly, and the Irishman seemed to be seriously impressed. At this instant, a pet monkey of Dr.'s that had been watching the interview from the branch of a tree above him, leaped down upon his master's shoulder, grinned, chattered, and gestured, assuming an earnest and threatening aspect towards the Irishman, seconding the Dr.'s condemnation of his conduct. The Irishman, struck with horror, conceived it to be some familiar spirit come to enforce the lesson of the Protestant Priest, and fell on his knees and prayed for mercy. "I'll do anything your Reverence bids me—say the word—I'll come to church, I'll read the Bible, any thing, your Reverence, any thing, only don't let the creature come near me." [N. E. Puritan.

ORIGIN OF "TRUE BLUE." Everybody has heard and made use of the phrase "true blue;" but everybody does not know that its first assumption was by the Covenanters, in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles I.; and henceforth was taken by the troops of Lesly and Montrose, in 1653. The adoption of the color was one of those religious pecantries in which the Covenanters affected a pharisaical observance of the Scriptural letter, and the usages of the Hebrews; and thus, as they named their children Jemima and Zerubbabel, and their chapels, Zion and Ebenezer, they decorated their person with blue ribbons, because the following sumptuary precept was given in the law of Moses.—"Speak to the children of Israel, and tell them to make to themselves fringes on the borders of their garments putting in them *ribbons of blue*." Numb. xv., 38. [Scotch Reformers' Gazette.

CEYLON. At a recent Farewell Missionary Meeting held at Park St. Church, Rev. Dr Poor gave a description of his field of labor.

In sailing up the Bay of Bengal, they would perceive the island of Ceylon, lying in the shape of a bell pear. On the neck and stem of this pear was the missionary field and station. On the base of that pear were a million of people, embracing the Budhist religion, to which they had no access; but on the stem and neck were 30,000, speaking a different language—a different race—and having a different religion, the Brahminical. Among this people was their field of labor. These people were polytheists—worshipping three hundred and thirty millions of gods—pantheists, fatalists, and atheists. Besides this, they held inveterate prejudices against the white race, regarding them as impious, unclean, and cannibals, because they eat the flesh of cows and oxen, in which dwelt the spirit of their divinities. Here, indeed, was a great gulf. They had attempted to bridge it, and had already thrown across seven piers, by which they might reach the other side. The first was intercourse by way of business; the second was formed by giving medical and surgical aid, which had been very successful; the third, by establishing common schools in the villages; the fourth, by establishing higher schools for the education of teachers; the fifth, in founding a scientific and theological seminary; the sixth, by the use of the Press; and the seventh, by the employment of the native agency. By means of these instrumentalities, they had already seven piers across the gulf, and they intended to cover the bridge by the preaching of the Gospel.

Dr. P. told the brethren who were going to Ceylon to inquire for one Kundam, and tell him "I am making use of his old notes." When I first began to preach in Tamul. in a stammering way, from the text, "Christ has died for us that we should no more live unto ourselves," I asked Kundam how he understood my sermon. He said, "he that serves God serves himself, and he that serves himself, serves the devil."

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